

SEPTEMBER 10, 1881

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 615.—Vol. XXIV.

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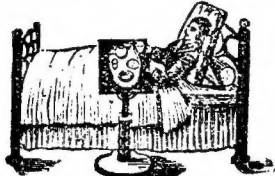
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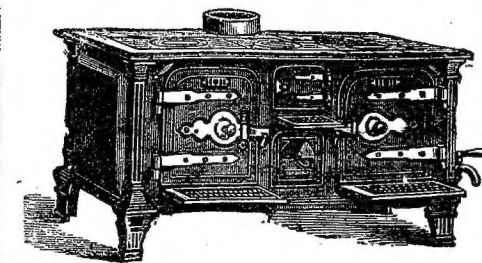
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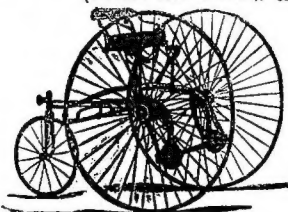
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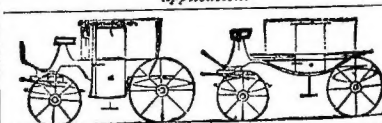
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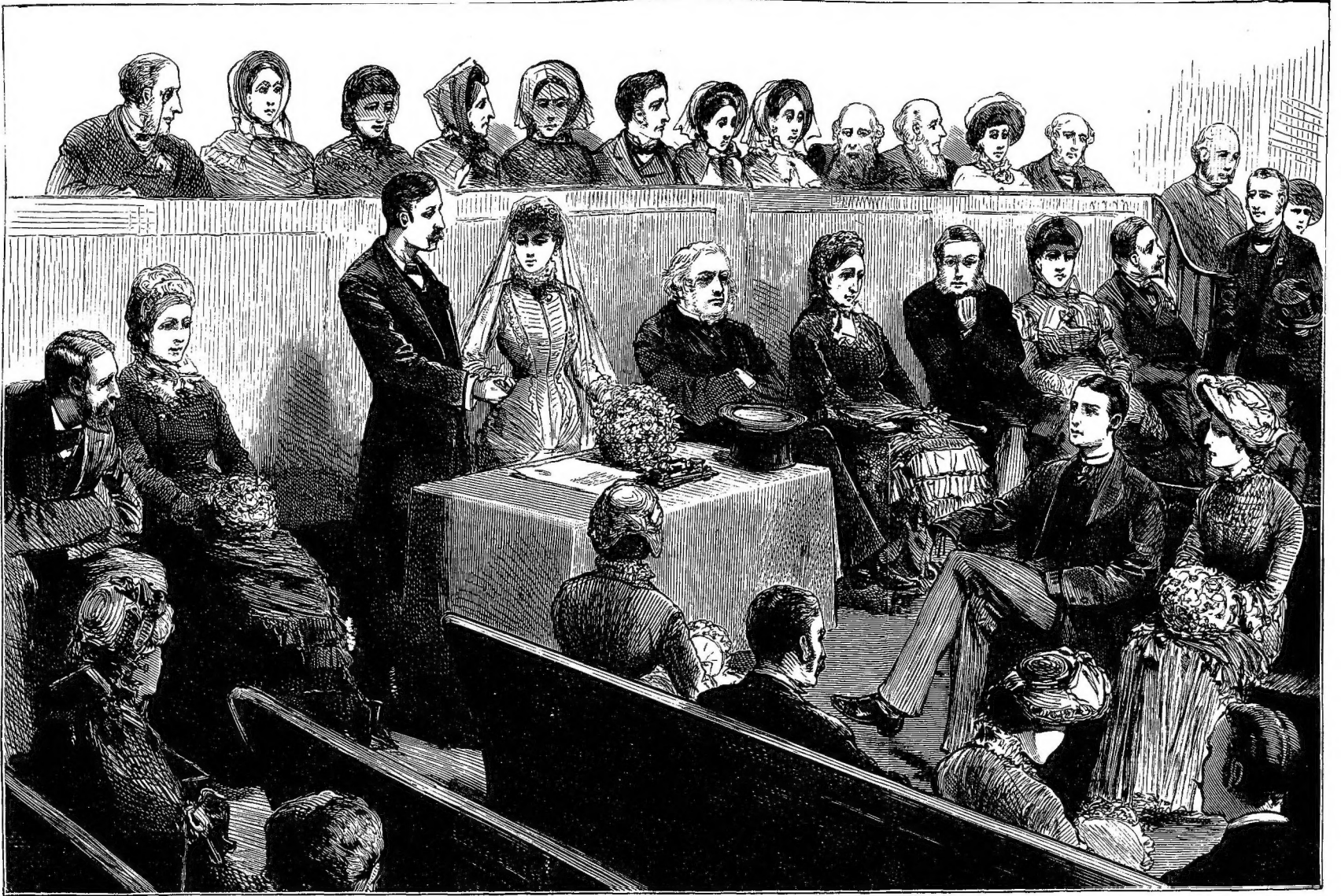
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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 615.—VOL. XXIV.
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1881

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A QUAKER WEDDING—MARRIAGE OF MISS MARGARET SOPHIA BRIGHT AND DR. JOHN THEODORE CASH AT THE FRIENDS' MEETING HOUSE, TORQUAY



NOTES FROM SOUTH AFRICA—COMMANDANT NETTELTON AND OFFICERS OF A NATIVE LEVY, MASERU, BASUTOLAND

Topics of the Week

UNPACIFIED IRELAND.—For fear lest their "Message of Peace" should be misunderstood, the Government have instructed the Land Commissioners to issue a digest of the new Act. It is doubtful whether this was necessary, for the tenant farmers are well aware of the advantages conferred on them by the Act. These same farmers, however, do not show the gratitude to Mr. Gladstone and his coadjutors which, in the opinion of all good Liberals, they ought to show. They constitute the most numerous and powerful class in Ireland, and, if they were really grateful for the substantial boon bestowed upon them, the reign of lawlessness would cease as if by magic. Instead of this, outrages of every description, especially in the Southern Province, are more rife than ever, Boycotting, cattle-maiming, crop-spoiling, weapon-raiding, increase and multiply, while the sanguinary riots at Limerick and Cork, though in themselves non-agrarian, have widened the breach between the populace and the constabulary. Law in Munster is as good as dead, for juries are afraid to convict, whereas the mandates of the Land League are carefully obeyed. At the same time, in the North Mr. Parnell and his myrmidons are going about endeavouring to stir up feelings of malice and hatred against the Government and the Imperial connection, and striving to get the Orangemen to join the Land League. This is a dangerous state of affairs, more dangerous, perhaps, and certainly more painful for those who are the victims of its tyranny, than an organised political conspiracy would be. Nor are there any signs of increased firmness and resolution on the part of the Government. They have got a farcical sort of gaol at Kilmainham, where they keep a number of nonentities comfortably boarded and lodged, but under lock and key. This sort of half-hearted policy irritates the malcontent Irish without frightening them a bit. Better leave Ireland altogether alone, to work out its own salvation, by civil war, if necessary. But if England must interfere she should interfere effectually. The districts where outrages are committed should be placed under military law, and no pains spared to discover the perpetrators. The Land League should be declared an illegal association, and its leaders placed under arrest. We offer these old-fashioned suggestions, presuming that the Liberal party desire that Ireland should continue to form an integral part of the Empire. Their present lukewarm policy of alternate concession and repression encourages aspirations which may entail most disastrous consequences.

THE NEW POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.—There are signs that we shall soon be in the midst of eager political strife. In his latest speech Sir Stafford Northcote gave the Conservatives the signal for attack, and Mr. Gladstone will be willing enough to return his blows in the great demonstration which shortly comes off in Leeds. Fortunately, we are not likely to hear so much of Ireland as we did during the late Session; for, although Irish questions still present plenty of opportunities for controversy, there seems to be a general understanding on this side of St. George's Channel that the time has come for some consideration of English and Scottish grievances. A few months ago it would have seemed incredible to most people that the old dispute about Free Trade *versus* Protection would once more come to the front; but it is now almost certain that the cry for "Reciprocity" or "Fair Trade" will, in the immediate future, form the chief topic of political discourse. It can hardly be expected that on this subject Mr. Bright will adopt a moderate tone; but it may be hoped that Mr. Gladstone and the younger men among his followers will perceive the necessity of meeting their opponents with solid argument rather than with abuse. On the other hand, the Conservative leaders are bound to speak out much more plainly than they have hitherto seen fit to do. So far, Sir Stafford Northcote has contented himself with vague hints, which may mean anything or nothing. In his treatment of a question on the settlement of which so much depends, the country has obviously a right to demand that he shall say precisely what he means, defining accurately how far he thinks our commercial policy mistaken, and the reforms which he himself would be prepared to effect. Unless he does this, he will expose himself to the serious charge of trying to embarrass the Liberals by means of an agitation with which he himself has no real sympathy.

FREE TRADE AND FAIR TRADE.—Figures, it is often said, may be made to prove anything, but it is not easy to confute the statistical survey to which Lord Derby has just treated his Southport hearers. With the exception of the farming interests, whose sufferings are wholly due to a succession of bad seasons, the mass of Englishmen are, in the opinion of Lord Derby, better off than they were in 1870. This, he declares, is proved by the increased exports and imports, by the augmented savings' bank deposits, by the greater consumption of tea and sugar—those two luxuries which are almost, but not quite, necessities—and by the decrease of pauperism. It does not, however, necessarily follow that this undoubted prosperity is due to our Free Trade system, for a similar state of commercial activity and general well-being is found in

countries, like France and the United States, where Protection is the rule. And there can be no doubt that the ruthless abolition of almost all fiscal imposts by the Free Trade enthusiasts of five-and-thirty years ago caused much individual suffering, and tended to extinguish many minor industries. No one can look into the shop windows without being struck by the fact that we are dependent on foreigners for many things besides food,—things, too, which, under a system of moderate duties, could easily be produced at home. One danger of the present system is that a great war would dislocate our commerce and disturb our social system more than that of any country in the world. But, at the same time, it is a difficult matter to go back. As far as we are aware the Fair Traders have hitherto abstained from putting forth a programme. They ought to inform their countrymen distinctly which industries they propose to protect, and to what amount.

M. GAMBETTA.—It is generally recognised in France and throughout Europe that M. Gambetta has emerged from the General Elections with diminished prestige. He is still, however, the most important man in France, and there can be little doubt that he will soon be the nominal as well as the real ruler of the country. The lesson of recent events, as interpreted by many observers, is that he must no longer aspire to play the part of Dictator; but it is perhaps too hastily assumed that he will be unable to recover lost ground. The French have almost always manifested an inclination to place supreme authority in the hands of some powerful statesman, and if M. Gambetta were in office this national tendency would be very likely to reassert itself. As a tactician he is unrivalled among his contemporaries, and he has necessarily a strong hold over a people susceptible to the charm of brilliant eloquence. The difficulty is to determine what are the principles that will dominate his policy when he is in possession of the opportunity for which he has been labouring for so many years. On some occasions he seems to be convinced that France has no alternative but to act with prudence and moderation; at other times he talks as if he might still attempt to conciliate extreme politicians by submitting to them. This vacillation inevitably suggests a suspicion that he has no positive political doctrine, but merely waits to see in what direction the most powerful currents of opinion will ultimately move. The suspicion may arise from misapprehension, but, if it does, he cannot too soon show that he has both strong convictions and courage to uphold them against opposition. In no other way can he hope to take rank among the really great names of French history.

A "CORNER" IN COTTON.—We can scarcely expect brokers to discourage speculation. It would be as unnatural as if a butcher were to advocate vegetarianism. Brokers are paid by commission, and if they can sell an article half-a-dozen times over instead of only once, they benefit correspondingly. Hence, all other things being equal, they prefer for a customer the speculator rather than the mill-owner, because the millowner (except when he does a little speculating on his own account) buys cotton for the purpose of spinning it, whereas the speculator buys merely to sell again. For a long time past there have been great complaints in Lancashire concerning the doings of the speculators, who by concerted action (a syndicate of German Jews engineered by a shrewd Yankee are said to be the managers of the ring) have contrived to force the price of cotton up a penny a pound, which, as the spinner gets no corresponding advance for the manufactured article, prevents him from making any profit. The remedy suggested is that the cotton-spinners should for a while work short time, and so bring the speculators to their knees. This plan will cause considerable suffering to the operatives, who are quite innocent in the matter, but, nevertheless, if resolutely carried out, it would spoil the speculators' game. In the good old days, when there were laws against "forestalling" and "regrating," these gentry would have found themselves indicted in a criminal court, but those commercial fetters have long since been discarded. The only plan now is to fight the speculators with their own weapons, discipline and combination, but it is not an easy thing to get a number of busy manufacturers, all intent on their own interests, jealous of their neighbours, and scattered over a wide extent of country, to combine effectually. The only consolation is that the sharks who organise these wheat and cotton "rings" sometimes get a hook in their voracious jaws, and find themselves landed on the shore of Bankruptcy.

IRISH LIBERALS.—We hear so much of the Land League and of Home Rulers that Englishmen are apt to forget that there are politicians in Ireland who are essentially in sympathy with the Liberal party. Yet Irish Liberals represent a considerable political force in their country, and during the passage of the Land Bill through the House of Commons some of them did genuine service to what is called the cause of reform. The question has been raised recently whether these politicians take as active a part as might be expected in the attempt to establish good relations between Ireland and England; and we quite agree with the writer who, in a forcible letter to the *Daily News*, contended the other day that they do not. Mr. Parnell writes dictatorial letters to Irish voters in English constituencies; and his sister goes about delivering savage harangues, denouncing the despotism of the political system which permits her to spout sedition with impunity. The result we all know, yet nothing is done

to counteract it by more sensible Irish politicians. Surely it is not too much to ask that Irishmen who believe in the expediency of the Union shall manifest a little more interest in the institutions they wish to see upheld. They could make themselves heard where Englishmen would not be listened to, and they should not assume that it is hopeless to try to contend against passionate and reckless demagogues.

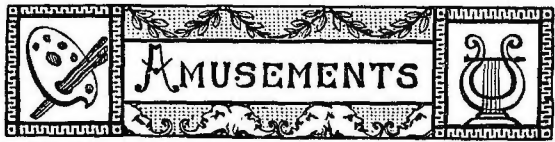
THE INDIAN CENSUS.—If Clive and his coadjutors, when beginning their career of conquest and annexation, could have peeped into futurity, they might have shrunk from the task on perceiving the load of responsibility which it involved. But the Indian heroes of that day were not over-scrupulous, and they went on merrily "shaking the pagoda-tree," without troubling themselves about the consequences. They and their successors did their work so effectually that we English of the present day are responsible for the well-being of 252,000,000 Indian fellow-subjects of our Queen. No nation, either now or formerly, has ever had to cope with such a task, yet on the whole it has been wisely done, and altogether we may be prouder of our administration of India than of our achievements in home-politics. Unless meanwhile we lose India by force, she will continue to be a responsibility to us for a good many years to come. A long time will elapse before she is able to run alone, as Australasia runs alone, for her children are as yet unskilled in the arts of constitutional Government, and they are split up into divers creeds and nationalities. Setting aside the risk of external assaults, India's greatest danger appears to consist in her immense population, which, in spite of occasional famines, increases far more rapidly than it did under Native rule. It gives some idea of the multitudes of people in India to recollect that in the Madras famine of 1877 more people died than there are in all Ireland, and yet that the population of that district has only decreased two per cent. since the last census. To prevent this population treading more and more closely on the heels of subsistence, is the troublesome problem which now occupies the attention of Anglo-Indian statesmen. A community solely composed of peasant farmers suffers terribly if a period of dearth arrives; therefore, manufactures should be developed. Secondly, a better style of farming is needed, so that exhausted soils may be properly manured and more produce got out of the ground. Thirdly (this is our own suggestion), if Hindoo prejudice against the *Kala Pani* ("Black Water," as they style the sea) can be overcome, a systematic emigration should be organised. If we wait a few years, Northern Australia will infallibly be colonised by Chinese. Why not colonise it with our own fellow-citizens? There is room in intra-tropical Australia for a hundred millions of these patient toilers, and a climate very much like that of their native land.

THE IMPERIAL INTERVIEW.—There is naturally a good deal of speculation on the Continent as to the significance of the meeting of the German and Russian Emperors. It would be unsafe to say that no importance should be attached to the interview, because in the present condition of Europe there may be political influences about which the world has necessarily very little trustworthy information. Judging, however, from such facts as are open to all observers, it is hard to believe that either the Czar or the Emperor William can have designs which should cause any uneasiness. The Hungarian newspapers have been indulging lately in rather wild talk about the development of Pan-slavism, but it can hardly be supposed in St. Petersburg that Austria seriously thinks of making war on Russia. The Austro-German alliance is based on solid interests, but Germany would not support Austria in an unnecessary conflict, and without the prospect of German help the Vienna Government will probably take good care to avoid perilous adventures. If nothing is to be feared in the mean time from Austria, in what direction can Russia suspect that she is threatened by external dangers? As for Germany, all the world wishes at present to be at peace with her; and it is not pretended that she is cherishing aggressive schemes. On the whole, therefore, it seems most probable that this meeting of crowned heads is due to strictly personal causes, and that it will lead to no results of general interest. It may be that the Czar wished to receive disinterested advice as to the proper method of dealing with the discontented classes of his subjects. If so, it is to be regretted that he did not seek sympathy and counsel from some one more in harmony with modern ideas and aspirations.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD.—Few mortals probably have maintained a more gallant and determined fight with Death than the present President of the United States, and none assuredly have had their struggles recorded more copiously for the benefit of an interested world. With Englishmen the feeling of interest is especially warm, most of us desiring to make amends for former quarrels with our over-the-water cousins. Reverting to President Garfield himself, it is satisfactory to learn that the removal has been so comfortably managed, and, besides that the fresh sea-air of Long Branch must be preferable for any invalid rather than the exhalations arising from the muddy flats of the Potomac River, the very fact that the poor suffering man longed for the change was a good reason for trying it. Concerning the future, it is difficult to avoid speculating, for it is well known that the prospects of ultimate recovery are still very doubtful. As not unnaturally arises from the manner in

which American Presidential elections are conducted, there does not appear to be that harmony between Mr. Garfield and Mr. Arthur which would exist as a matter of course between a British Premier and his recently-chosen colleagues; and therefore the President shrinks from temporarily entrusting the conduct of affairs to the Vice-President. In some countries this might cause serious inconvenience, but the self-governing Americans can get along very prosperously with but a small modicum of central authority. Still, the fact is to be regretted, nevertheless, should the President's illness continue much longer, it will be impossible to avoid the delegation of his authority to some other person or persons. Responsibility has a very sobering effect, and, therefore, in spite of the apprehensions entertained in some quarters, there is little fear, whether President Garfield eventually recovers or succumbs, that Mr. Arthur will indulge in any vagaries which would be distasteful to the present Chief Magistrate, or injurious to the interests of his fellow-citizens.

AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.—This is the season of the year when, the harvest having been gathered in, the fields of the European Continent resound (to use somewhat hyperbolic language) with the martial tread of armed hosts. People, however, are beginning to question whether these imposing gatherings are so useful as they were supposed to be. They offer a good opportunity for Emperors and Princes, Field Marshals and Generals, to go caracoling about on horseback, but do they really teach that terrible but necessary art, the art of war? There are so many things in war which cannot be imitated by sham combatants. Your friend the enemy cannot make himself as unpleasant as he ought to be, and you would not like it if he did,—for instance, if he suddenly sent a volley of ball-cartridge into your ranks. Hence, it is profanely said, these elaborate autumn manœuvres resolve themselves into a series of magnificent unrealities; and it is contended that the only lessons of the art of war which can be learnt without going to war may be acquired in a much more unpretending and inexpensive way. Perhaps these considerations may abate some of that Germanomania which has occupied the heads of our military big-wigs ever since 1870.



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(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

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MIDLAND RAILWAY.

TOURIST ARRANGEMENTS, 1881.

For particulars, see Time Tables and Programmes, issued by the Company.

Derby, July, 1881.

JOHN NOBLE,

General Manager.



OFFICERS OF BASUTOLAND NATIVE LEVY

EVENTS march so rapidly nowadays that some of our readers may have forgotten all about the Basutos and their grievances. We may venture, therefore, to remind them that Basutoland is a small mountainous State, lying at the north-eastern extremity of the Cape Colony. The Basutos are a brave and warlike race, and for many years waged petty wars both with us and with the Dutch of the Orange Free State. In 1868, however, the paramount chief Moshesh appealed to British protection, and Basutoland was accordingly annexed to Cape Colony. For ten years the Basutos led a peaceful and industrious life, until, for some reason or other, it was thought necessary to include them under the provisions of the Native Disarmament Act of 1878. The Basutos resented being called upon to deliver up their fire-arms, and at last broke out into open revolt. The war has smouldered on since October last, during which time there has been some severe fighting between the colonial troops and the blacks, but we trust it may now be considered at an end.

Our engraving, which is from a photograph by F. Armstrong, Bloemfontein, Orange Free State, depicts Commandant Nettelton and the officers of the Native Levy at Maseru, a little station on the Caledon River, which was besieged and partially burnt by the Basutos during the war.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S VISIT TO THE CLYDE

THE Duke of Edinburgh, as Admiral of the Reserve Squadron, has under his care not only some 700 Coastguard stations and thirty drill-ships, but also eleven training ships, one of which, the *Cumberland*, which is stationed at the mouth of the Gareloch in the river Clyde, he visited on the 22nd ult. Leaving his yacht, the *Lively*, in the Firth of Forth, His Royal Highness travelled by train from Leith to Greenock, where he was received by the Provost, the Lord Lieutenant of the county, the Chairman of the Cunard Company, and the President of the *Cumberland*. The party at once embarked on board the *Alligator* (Cunard mail-steamer), which steamed out across the Clyde and anchored off Rosneath, the beautiful seat of the Duke of Argyll. The waters of the estuary were alive with pleasure yachts, gaily decorated with flags, and five Government ships lay anchored abreast, all radiant from stem to stern with bunting. The Admiral was conveyed from the *Alligator* to the *Cumberland* in a boat belonging to the latter vessel, manned by smart young sailors, and as he came alongside the crew manned the yards, as shown in one of our engravings. After inspecting the vessel and seeing the boys go through their fire-arm drill and nautical exercise, his Royal Highness distributed the prizes, the ceremony being witnessed by a large number of invited guests, among whom was the Earl of Shaftesbury. Amid the music of the band and the shrill cheers of the lads the Duke returned to the *Alligator*, which stood up the Gareloch to give those on board a view of the scenery on its shores; and, on returning, the Duke then went on board the new Cunard mail steamer *Servia*, over which he was conducted by Mr. John Burns, with whom he afterwards lunched in the great saloon, the Earl of Shaftesbury being also a guest. The party rose early from the table, and his Royal Highness left Greenock by special train for Edinburgh to meet the Duchess.

The *Servia*, which belongs to the Cunard line of Atlantic steamers, is one of the largest ships afloat, her dimensions and tonnage being exceeded only by the famous *Great Eastern*. She is 530 feet long, 52 feet broad, and 44 feet 9 inches deep, the gross tonnage being over 8,500 tons. Her engines of 10,500 horse power are supplied with steam from seven steel boilers, with thirty-nine corrugated furnaces. The *Servia* is constructed of steel, she has a double bottom to protect her from injury in case of grounding upon a sunken rock, and is besides divided into nine water-tight bulkheads; her five decks are also of steel, covered with yellow pine, and all the deck houses and fittings are of the same metal, and are riveted to the decks to prevent their being carried away by heavy seas. She has accommodation for 450 first-class and 600 steerage passengers, besides her crew of 200 officers and men, and the saloon, cabins, state rooms, and accessories are fitted up in a most comfortable and handsome manner, the principal cabins as well as the engine-rooms, stoke-hole, and tunnel being fitted with Swan's incandescent lamps, so made that if any accident should happen to the electric apparatus they can be used as ordinary oil lamps. The safety of those on board is provided for by twelve boats, equipped with patent improved lowering apparatus. The *Servia*, which was built by Messrs. J. and G. Thompson, of Clydebank, Glasgow, was launched in March last; the christening ceremony being performed by Mrs. John Burns, wife of the chairman of the Cunard Company. The fittings and decorations of the vessel are now almost completed, and she will probably be ready for sea in a month or six weeks, considerable delay having been caused by the discovery of a flaw in her screw shafting.

A CAPE CART

WHEN Prince Albert Victor and Prince George visited the Cape of Good Hope in H.M.S. *Bacchante*, they conceived a great fancy for a Cape cart, and desired a member of the Government to have one constructed at their expense, and sent home as a present to their mother, H.R.H. the Princess of Wales. The cart in question arrived at Southampton on the 22nd ult., on board the Union Steamship Company's steamer *German*.—Our engraving is from a photograph taken by Mr. Debenham, of Sussex Place, Southampton.

The Cape cart is a two-wheeled vehicle, well suited to the deplorably bad roads of the country. Vehicles of some kind or other are particularly necessary where there are so few railways, and where the post cart only allows passengers about eighteen square inches of board to sit upon, and 25 lbs. of luggage.

The amount of accommodation is limited when on board, owing to the canvas covering which, although it keeps off the sun, is apt to damage one's hat and sometimes one's head, when jolting over a series of ruts. Also there is no stretching of legs, which, in a twenty-mile stage, is very fatiguing. Nevertheless, it has the advantages of travelling easily (except on the bad parts of roads, which are multitudinous), and of not capsizing readily.

In towns two horses are used, but men who intend to journey, and make practical use of it, use a team of four. The drivers are usually Hottentots, who drive very well in their own rough way. They do not always find the best part of the road, but when there is a very bad place, they manage to shave past it cleverly, with diabolical noises of the throat accompanying the cracking of the long whip.

THE DEFEAT OF ABDURRAHMAN—ARRIVAL AT CHAMAN OF FUGITIVES FROM THE FIELD OF BATTLE

THIS sketch represents the arrival at Chaman on the 27th July, 1881, of Sirdar Mahomed Ahasan Khan (who commanded a regiment of cavalry during the engagement with Ayoub Khan) and some of his men. From his account the engagement was fought on 26th July, 1881, at a place called Atta Karey (near Maiwand), and after a fight, beginning at 8 A.M. and ending at 11 A.M., Abdurrahman's

troops were totally defeated, and he (the Sirdar) made the best of his way to Chaman, arriving here at six o'clock A.M. on the 27th July, 1881 (the anniversary of Maiwand), alighted at the Quarter Guard of the 3rd Bengal Native Infantry, asked to see the Colonel commanding, and gave his account of the defeat. He was accompanied by about twenty other men of various ranks. The centre figure on horseback is Mahomed Ahasan Khan.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Lieutenant Frank E. S. Claridge, 3rd Bengal Native Infantry.

A BURMESE PUPPET-SHOW

THIS is an entertainment of which the Burmese, both men and women, are passionately fond. They will often sit from 8 P.M. till 2 or 3 A.M. on the following morning listening to one of these plays. As will be observed from the sketch (taken from a photograph) the dolls are cleverly worked with strings or thin wires, and, judging from the hearty laughter of the audiences, the dialogues of the puppets must be excessively witty if not highly refined.

TO THE GREAT NORTH-WEST—V.

THOSE of us who have never crossed the Atlantic, and whose idea of lakes is formed from the sheets of fresh water which are to be found in Cumberland, Scotland, or even Switzerland, can form no conception of the great inland seas of North America. They are not beautiful, as are most of our European lakes, but their size is such that being on their surface out of sight of land is to all intents and purposes like being on the broad Atlantic. These observations especially apply to Lake Superior, which is rather bigger than the whole of Scotland. In some parts it is very deep, and the water is remarkably cold, very little above the freezing point even in the height of summer. On this account probably fogs are very frequent, and come on suddenly. Other atmospheric phenomena also are not uncommon, and when crossing the lake our artist saw a remarkable halo as shown in his sketch. The spectator is supposed to be looking down on to the water from the deck. Doing so, he saw his own shadow on the water, and round his head an iridescent halo. There was a low-lying fog on the water, and it was very cold (thermometer 50°), as it always is on Lake Superior.

On the north-western shore of Lake Superior is Thunder Bay, a sheet of water twenty miles in diameter, guarded at its entrance by Thunder Cape, a rocky headland 1,350 feet high. Prince Arthur's Landing is a town on the mainland which only came into existence when the Red River Expedition started to suppress Riel's rebellion, but now contains a thousand inhabitants, and supports two newspapers. There are rich deposits of silver and copper in the neighbourhood. The sketch shows an engine tugging a truck laden with Indians.

We mentioned last week that the Governor-General had a sixty miles' sail down the whole length of Eagle Lake. When Eagle Lake City was reached, a royal salute was fired by the enthusiastic inhabitants—dynamite and rock being utilised instead of powder and cannon. In sober fact, the process of blasting in the construction of the railway line was ingeniously converted into a signal of welcome. Eagle Lake City at present consists of about a dozen buildings, all told.

The Hon. Mr. Norquay, Premier of Manitoba, is in every way a remarkable man. His father was a pure Cree Indian, he is of gigantic stature, and his mental powers are great. He exercises a powerful influence over the half-breed population.

The next sketch takes us back to an earlier period in the Governor-General's tour, when he was still on Lake Huron. At a place called Little Current on Manitoulin Island there was the novelty of a speech in Indian, delivered by Chief Nanguabo (or Nahgahbok) as the spokesman of real Indians. The speaker was European in dress, but very Indian in face and physique, except that he wore a moustache. A large George III. medal (a memorial of the wars of the last century) hung from his neck by a long red ribbon.

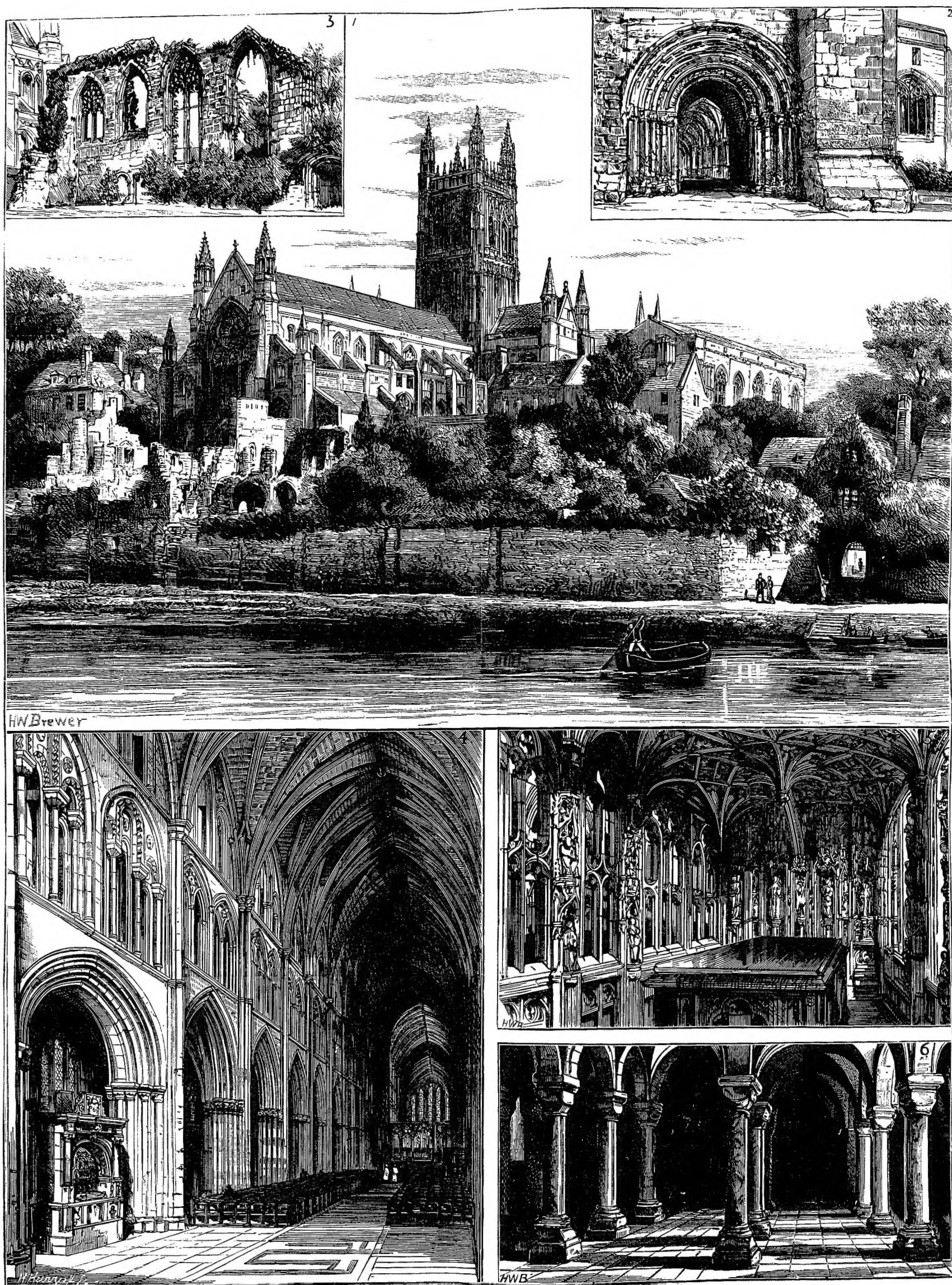
As recently as 1878 Fort Garry, one of the strongholds of the Hudson's Bay Company, stood close to the site of the present city of Winnipeg, where the Assiniboine enters the Red River. It was a rectangular building, with a turret at each corner. Winnipeg, which ten years ago was a miserable-looking village of 300 people, has now a population of 15,000. There are eight churches, numerous schools and colleges, among which is the University of Manitoba, three public parks, a racecourse, and a rifle range. The streets are broad, and the chief thoroughfare, Main Street, is lined with shops, churches, and public buildings, which would do credit to a much older and more famous place.—This engraving is from a photograph of a drawing belonging to Rice M. Howard, Esq., Winnipeg.

THE "CITY OF BATH"

WE are getting rather tired of those foolhardy voyagers who cross the Atlantic in cockle-shells, and then make a show of themselves and their boats, especially as benevolent captains, mistaking them for shipwrecked persons, lose time in going out of their way to succour them. The last feat of this kind has been performed by J. Traynor, of Bristol, England, and Ivan Olsen, of Norway, who sailed from Bath, U.S., on board the *City of Bath*, on July 7th, and after fifty-one days reached Falmouth. This diminutive vessel (said to be the smallest that has ever crossed the Atlantic) is 14 feet keel and about 18 feet over all, 5 feet beam across the deck, and about 7 inches of freeboard amidships. Her tiny cabin is lighted by a couple of bulls'-eyes. She is steered by a wooden tiller, and cutter rigged. The voyagers met with very heavy weather throughout the voyage, they once had their boat upset in a heavy squall, thereby spoiling their tea and coffee, off Scilly their compass was washed overboard, as also was their cat. Although they were almost always wet through, they enjoyed excellent health. They intend ultimately re-crossing the Atlantic in their boat. Mr. Walter Truscott, of Falmouth, to whom we are indebted for our sketch, says, "The Norseman appears to have enjoyed the passage most, while the Englishman, who was very sick at starting, never recovered his appetite, and shows in his face the traces of the anxious watching and hardships which he underwent."

THE WRECK OF THE "TEUTON"

THE Union Company's steamer *Teuton* arrived at Cape Town from England on Monday, August 29th, and sailed next day for Algoa Bay. At 7.20 P.M. on that day she struck upon a rock off Quoin Point, the weather at the time being fair and the sea calm. An attempt was made to reach Simon's Bay, but, as the ship showed signs of sinking, the boats were got out and provisioned, perfect order prevailing during the preparations. Two of the boats were filled by women and children. At 10.50 P.M. the ship suddenly foundered, it is supposed from the bursting of a bulkhead. The downward suction caused most of the boats to be capsized, and all the passengers were drowned, except eleven. Of these all except three went down with the ship, and scrambled into the boats afterwards. Twenty-five of the crew saved their lives. The captain was at dinner when the vessel struck, thereafter he remained on the bridge until the vessel foundered. He was last seen struggling in the water. The loss of life is greater than was at first supposed. It was thought that the forty-four passengers for the Knysna (a small harbour between Cape Town and Port Elizabeth) had landed in Table Bay, but unfortunately they were still on board, and all but three of them are drowned. According to the last account, the death-roll stands thus. Twenty-five coolies joined the steamer at Cape Town, en route for East London. The passengers



1. General View from the South-West.—2. Entrance to the Cloisters.—3. Ruins of the Fraternity.—4. The Interior of the Nave.—5. Tomb of Prince Arthur.—6. Norman Crypt.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE THREE CHOIRS AT WORCESTER—SKETCHES OF THE CATHEDRAL



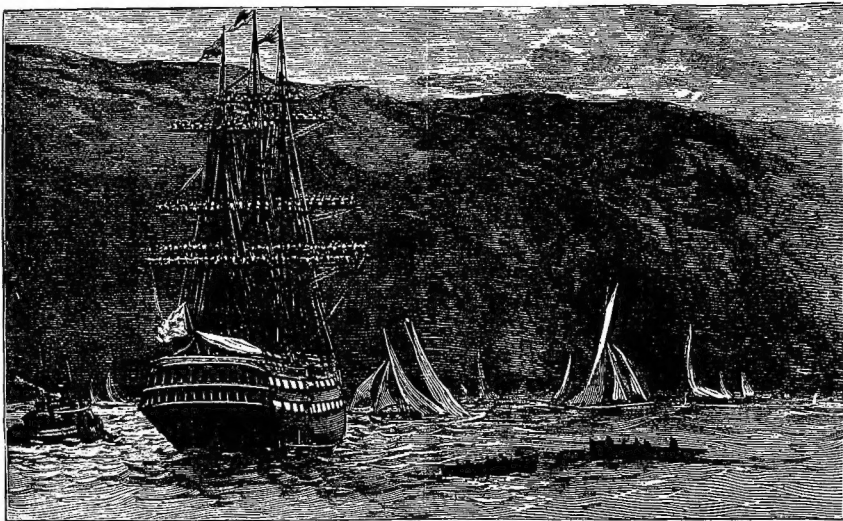
LIEUT.-COL. C. H. BELL, CAPE MOUNTED RIFLES
Died July 2, at Thlotsi Heights, Basutoland



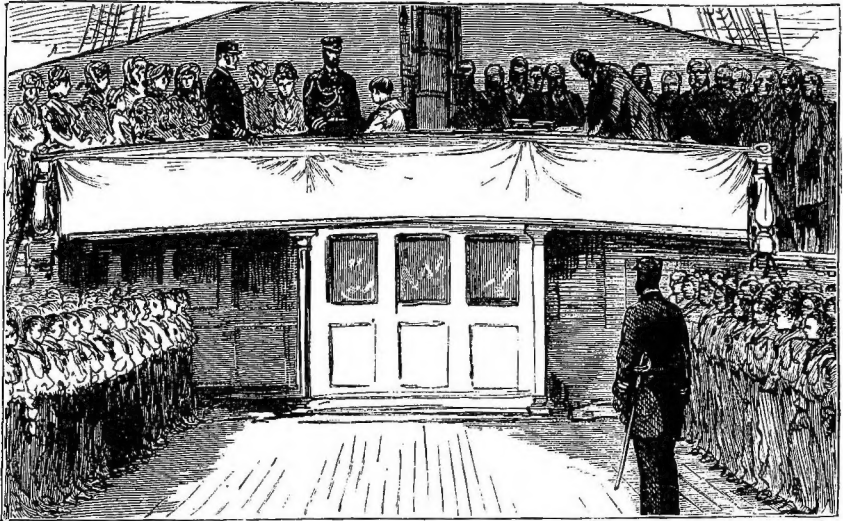
DR. JOHN HILL BURTON (HISTORIAN)
Died Aug. 9, aged 71



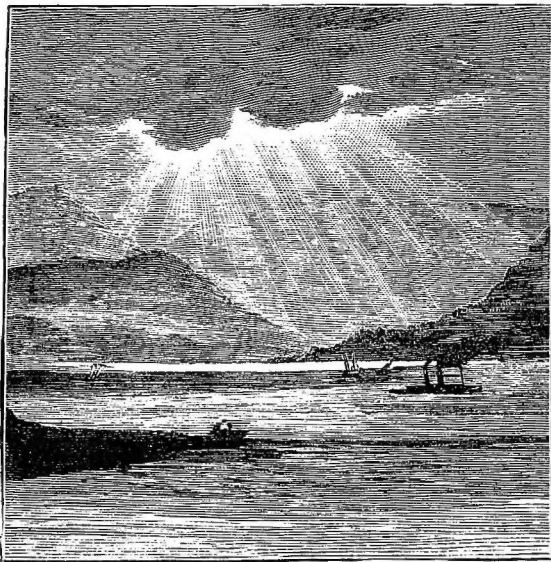
SIR THOMAS JAMIESON BOYD
Lord Provost of Edinburgh



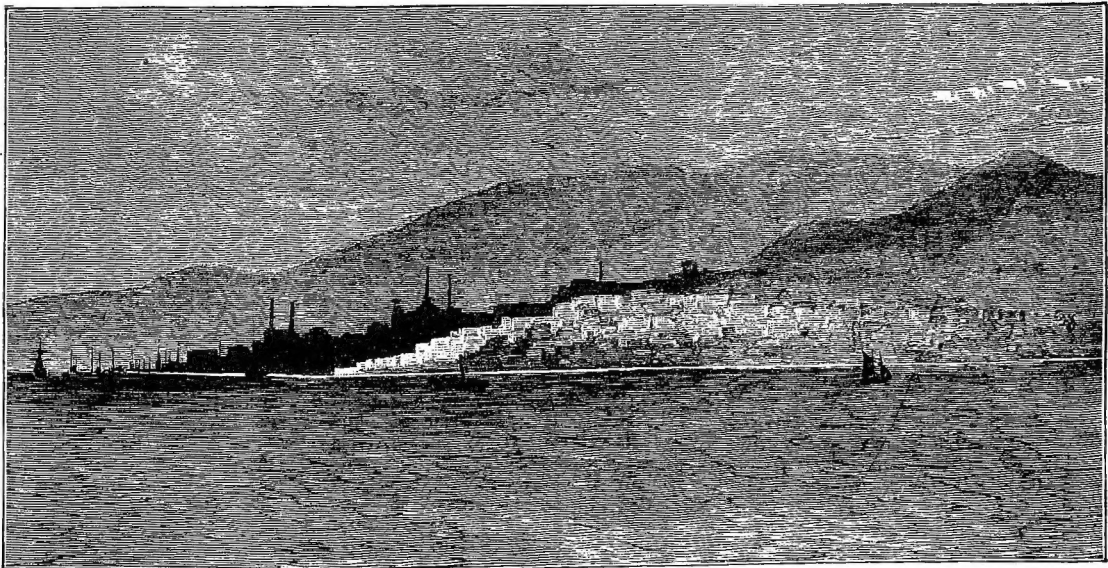
ARRIVAL OF H.R.H. ALONGSIDE THE TRAINING-SHIP "CUMBERLAND"



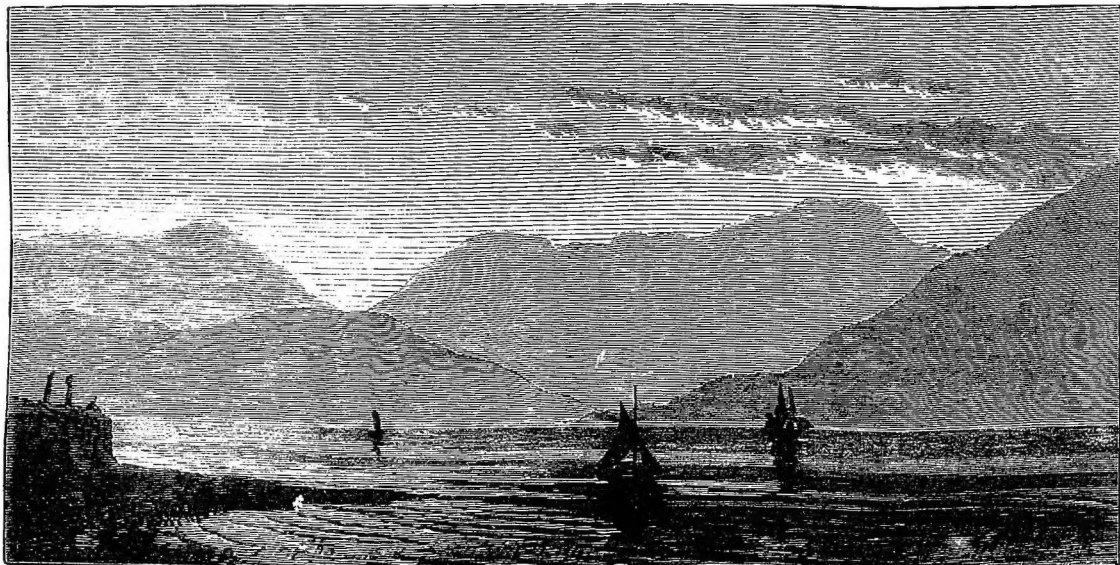
PRESENTATION OF PRIZES ON BOARD THE TRAINING-SHIP "CUMBERLAND"



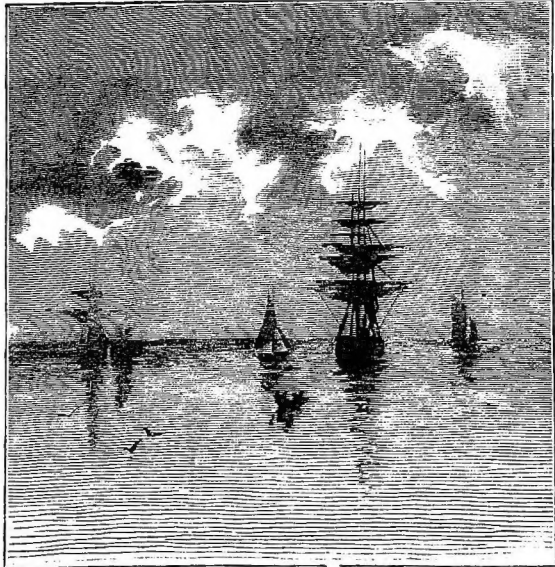
ENTRANCE TO LOCH LONG



GREENOCK FROM THE CLYDE



ON THE CLYDE, FROM GREENOCK



A CALM DAY ON THE CLYDE

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON THE CLYDE

from England who remained on board after those whose destination was Cape Town had been landed numbered 162, the crew was 85 strong, and, adding the 25 coolies, the total human freight for places east of Cape Town was 272. Of these, 25 of the crew and 11 passengers were saved, therefore the total loss of life amounts to 236.

As the ship is said to have struck off Quoin Point, but to have foundered between Danger Point and Cape Hangklip, she must have either drifted to the westward during the interval between striking and sinking, or have been intentionally steered towards Simon's Bay. Danger Point is a well-known landmark to mariners on that coast. There is an ugly rock lying to the east of it, on which H.M.S. *Birkenhead* struck some years ago, with a terrible loss of life. The Gunner's Quoin (near which the *Teuton* struck) is another well-known landmark, between Danger Point and Cape Agulhas.

Captain Edward Manning, who commanded the *Teuton*, was the youngest son of Mr. C. J. Manning, of Maitland Park, Haverstock Hill, London, N.W. He was educated at University College School. He afterwards joined the merchant service, and after passing with great credit the examinations required by the Board of Trade, received an appointment in the Union Company as junior officer, rising by promotion to the rank of captain for his good conduct and able seamanship. He was unmarried, and leaves three brothers and one sister surviving.

NEW DOCKS AT LIVERPOOL

FOR extent and proportions the Liverpool Docks have no parallel in the world. They form a granite sea-wall of seven miles, with a water area of nearly 350 acres, and a quay margin of 22 miles.

Less than two hundred years ago Liverpool only possessed a quay where vessels could shelter and land their goods. In 1715 the earliest dock (styled the Old Dock) was opened on the site of the present Custom House, and from this dock as a centre the new docks have gradually been extended northwards and southwards for more than three miles in each direction.

The Salthouse Dock was made in 1753, the George's Dock and Basin in 1771, the King's Dock in 1788, the Queen's Dock in 1796, the Prince's Dock in 1816-21. These have since been enlarged and improved.

The new generation of docks was built by Mr. Jesse Hartley, for thirty-six years Dock Engineer. He constructed the Brunswick Dock (the *depot* of the timber trade), the Clarence, Trafalgar, Victoria, and Waterloo. To these followed the Albert (which was the first dock surrounded with warehouses), Collingwood, Nelson, Bramley-Moore, and Stanley. Next succeeded the Wellington, Sandon, and Huskisson (another timber dock), though the timber trade in 1859 migrated northwards to the Canada Dock. In 1864 the first Herculaneum Dock was made at the extreme south, also the small Toxteth Dock. These are now being greatly enlarged.

There are twenty-two dry graving docks, with a length of floor of nearly 12,000 feet.

The first George's Landing Stage was erected in 1847; in 1872 that and the Prince's Landing Stage were made into one (the old George's Basin being filled up) and a floating bridge for carriages constructed. All this was destroyed by fire in 1874 (July 28th), and rebuilt and reopened in 1876. It is 2,063 feet long and 80 feet wide, and cost 373,000*l*.

The new docks recently constructed at the north end beyond the Canada are named the Brocklebank, Langton, and Alexandra. They have an area of eighty-one acres and four miles of quays. There are also hydraulic lift docks and graving docks, on the new principle of Mr. E. Clark, by which ships can be raised bodily out of water and rapidly repaired. These, forming the New Dock Extension, were opened by the Prince of Wales on Thursday, the 8th inst. The foundations of a mineral dock are already made, and this dock reaches so far seawards as to be opposite the New Brighton Lighthouse on the Cheshire side. In 1877 the Dock Board erected the North Wall Lighthouse, which is a leading light through the Horse Channel in connection with the Rock Lighthouse, and which also exhibits a red light invisible until vessels are in danger in the Queen's Channel. An armour-plated fort defends the north-west boundary of the Mersey Dock Estate.—Our engraving is from a drawing by Mr. Arthur Cox.

NOTICE.—The rest of "Our Illustrations" will be found on pages 278 and 279.



POLITICAL SPEECHES in plenty have been delivered during the week, but few call for special notice. Sir Stafford Northcote, at the Sheffield Cutlers' Feast last week, said that both sides of the House would rejoice at the honour conferred on the Speaker, and bore testimony to the honourable impartiality and readiness of action which had distinguished him during a very difficult Session. He also referred to the proposed reform of the House of Commons, recommending caution, lest in the endeavour to improve the mode of procedure a valuable preservative of liberty might be destroyed. Next day, addressing a Conservative meeting in the same town, he criticised the policy of the Government, and referring to the commercial question, now so much talked of, declared that he had always been a free-trader, and was a free-trader still, but he desired to "see free-trade universal and fair." Mr. Lowther the other day, returning thanks for his election, told his constituents that they had put back the hands of the clock to where they had stood more than a year ago, and had sounded the knell of the Manchester school on the question of free-trade and fair-trade. On the other hand, the Earl of Jersey, addressing a farmers' meeting at Bicester, told them that protection duties would benefit none but landlords, and what farmers wanted was fair play, fair rent, and fair weather, and at Southport on Wednesday Lord Derby made a splendid speech, pointing out that the national statistics showed that we were only suffering from a temporary check to our material prosperity, and declaring that it was therefore premature and childish to despond.

ELECTION NEWS.—The Conservatives have won both in North Lincolnshire and North Durham. Mr. J. Lowther distancing Colonel Tomline by 4,200 votes to 3,729; and Sir G. C. Elliott polling 5,548 against Mr. Laing's 4,896; for Cambridgeshire Mr. Bulwer, Q.C. (C) has been elected without opposition, in the place of Mr. Hunter Rodwell; at Berwick the candidates are Mr. Jerningham (L) and Mr. H. J. Trotter (C). In Tyrone the polling took place on Wednesday, too late for us to report the result. Mr. Parnell and Mr. Healy have continued fiercely orating against the Government. The latter the other day made a speech in which, in one breath, he referred to "Buckshot Forster, Bully Harcourt, Hypocrite Gladstone, White-sepulchred Bright, and Sheep-clothed Wolf Dickson."

IRELAND.—The Irish Land Commissioners have already begun their work by issuing a synopsis of the benefits conferred by the Land Act, a document which occupies about a column and a half of *The Times*, and is only a little less incomprehensible than the Act itself. Whether the study of this condensed version of the "Message of Peace" will have a quieting effect upon the country remains to be seen; but meanwhile the reports are far from encouraging. There has

been a great riot at Limerick, where on Sunday the police, enraged by continuous stone-throwing, forgot their discipline, and fired several times upon the people, although the officer in command tried to prevent them by calling out "Don't fire." The city is still in a state of great excitement, soldiers being confined to barracks, and an extra force of police being kept under arms. The Mayor and magistrates have held a special meeting, and agreed to demand of the Government a searching public investigation. It is stated that twenty persons were either shot or otherwise wounded in the *mele*.—Another affray, unhappily fatal, took place on Friday at Mill Street, County Cork, where a collision took place between the police and a party of armed men. A farmer's son named Hickey was shot dead by the police, and one of the constables was dangerously wounded. Other disturbances of a more or less violent character are reported from various quarters, and Boycotting and other forms of annoyance are still in vogue.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—Such a multiplicity of subjects have been dealt with in the various technical meetings of the British Association at York, that we can only briefly allude to those which are most interesting to the general public. On Thursday, last week, the great attraction was Sir William Thompson's exhaustive address on the "Forces of the Future," in which, in view of the failure of coal supply, the possibility of utilising the winds, the tides, river currents, cascades, and even rain-power were examined. In the Biology Section the venerable but still vigorous Professor Owen presided, and was greatly cheered when he referred with pride to the fulfilment after twenty years of most of his recommendations regarding the establishment of a Natural History Museum at South Kensington. On the Friday Dr. Burdon Sanderson spoke in vindication of the practice of vivisection; Mr. Preece described Professor Bell's induction balance, and its application to bullet-finding in cases of shot-wounds; very interesting reports on the growth of the human body and on "colour-blindness" were read; and Professor Huxley delivered a masterly discourse on the "Rise and Progress of Paleontology." On Saturday a number of excursions were made to various places of interest in the vicinity of York, but the bad weather interfered greatly with the comfort and enjoyment of the *savants* and their friends. Several sectional meetings were held. In Zoology and Botany Sir J. Lubbock read a very curious paper on seed of the *Stipa pennata*, and in the Economic Section Sir R. Torrens contributed one on the sale and transfer of land; and an amusing dispute cropped up between Mr. Hoyle and Professor Leone Levi regarding the money loss which the country sustained by intemperance, Mr. Hoyle putting it at 220,000,000*l*, and the Professor at 1,500,000*l*. On Sunday there was an immense congregation in the Minster, where Dr. Fraser, the Bishop of Manchester, preached from 1 Cor. xii. 6 (the Revised Version). He said that even if the great theories of evolution and spontaneous generation were true—and he did not consider they had been satisfactorily proved—still the result would not be incompatible with a belief in God and in the Christian faith. On Monday Mr. J. W. Swan exhibited his new portable electric lamp, without wires, for use in mines; some elaborate statistics on our income and expenditure were read by Professor Leone Levi, who criticised in a somewhat unmerciful fashion the new "Fair Trade" theories whose defenders, Captain Bedford Pim and Mr. Wheelhouse, were simply laughed at. In the Anthropological Section Mr. Stopes, of Norwood, produced a shell bearing upon it a roughly carved representation of a human face. This, he said, had been found some years ago in the stratification of the red clay at Walton-on-the-Naze by a friend of his, and it was, he contended, the earliest portraiture of human features ever discovered. He, however, seemed to stand alone in his conviction as to its genuineness, all the other *savants* regarding it with extreme suspicion. Another interesting item was Sir John Lubbock's account of his experiments with bees to ascertain whether they possessed any sense of colour. In the evening the Freemasons of the city gave a banquet to the Masonic members of the Congress, and a *soirée* was held in the Exhibition. On Wednesday the work of the Congress came to an end. The most interesting event in the sectional meetings was Mr. Galloway's (of Cardiff) experiments on the inflammability of coal dust, which have led him to believe that the disastrous effects of colliery explosions might be in a great measure prevented by well sprinkling the workings with water, especially before blasting. At the concluding general meeting a large number of grants for special scientific researches were made, and votes of thanks were given to the Lord Mayor and the Dean and Sheriffs of York, the Reception Committee, and the Press. A vote of thanks to Sir J. Lubbock, as President was also adopted. Next year the Congress will be held at Southampton, and Captain Bedford Pim will then move that the meeting of 1885 shall be held in Canada.

FENIAN ALARMS.—Eight cartridges, marked with letters "U.S.," have been found in a bale of cotton sent from America to the Abbey Spinning Co., at Chadderton, Oldham. Had they escaped notice and been placed in the cleaning machinery they would have exploded, and the supposed intention was to set fire to the mill.—On Friday last an explosion took place in a street off the Gray's Inn Road, and although no damage was done much excitement was created in the neighbourhood, especially when it became known that the police had found in the roadway an "infernal machine," in the shape of a canister which smelt strongly of gunpowder. On subsequent inquiry, however, it was ascertained to be nothing more than the mischievous freak of some boys who had been playing with some powder they had purchased.—The inhabitants of the quiet village of Auchtermuchty, Fifeshire, have been scared by the discovery of a flask of powder in a wagon load of coals.

HOSPITAL SATURDAY.—About 750 lady collectors gave their services last Saturday in aid of this fund, sitting patiently by their money-boxes and tables, industriously distributing hand-bills relating to the charity. Most of these were posted at street corners and other prominent places in the open air, but there were also some in the Crystal and Alexandra Palaces, whilst the bands of the K Division of Police, the 2nd Tower Hamlets Engineers, and the London Irish Rifles played in the parks, the sale of programmes being devoted to the fund. Chairs and tables were lent by the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duke of Wellington, and other noblemen and gentlemen, as well as by the Lord Mayor and a number of City firms. At the close of the day the boxes were collected and locked up at the City Bank, Holborn, where on Monday a volunteer staff of bank clerks began to count the money.

BRIGHTON has this week been the scene of a novel musical gathering, some 2,000 performers, instrumentalists and singers, representing about sixty musical societies in France, Belgium, and Switzerland, having braved the dangers of the Channel passage, and assembled there to take part in a series of competitions. The festival was opened on Tuesday by the Mayor in the Dome of the Pavilion, and at the close of the concert in the evening a subscription was opened in aid of the sufferers by the accident on the Paris and Lyons Railway, in support of which an extra concert was to be given on Thursday. On Wednesday there was a procession of the societies, with their banners, rosettes, and insignia, and after the choral competition the distribution of prizes took place at the Dome.

THE INNER CIRCLE RAILWAY.—The long-talked-of work of completing the circuit of the Underground Railway has at last been commenced. On Monday the Lord Mayor "turned the first sod" of the line, which is to run from Aldgate to Trinity Square, Tower Hill, and which will ultimately be carried on to the Mansion House Station, thus connecting the "Metropolitan" with the "District" Railway. The work, which includes some important street improvements, is expected to be finished in about eighteen months.

THE LONDON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.—Application has been made to the Board of Trade for a licence of incorporation and registration for the proposed London Chamber of Commerce, whose objects are thus described:—"The promotion of the trade and commerce, the shipping and manufactures of London, and of the home, colonial, and foreign trades of the United Kingdom; the collection and dissemination of statistical and other information relating to trade, commerce, shipping, and manufactures; the promoting, supporting, or opposing legislative or other measures affecting the aforesaid interests; the undertaking by arbitration the settlement of disputes arising out of trade; and the doing of all such other things as may be conducive to the extension of trade, commerce, or manufactures, or incidental to the attainment of the above objects."

A FATAL RAILWAY COLLISION occurred at Bow on the Great Eastern Railway on Saturday, one train running full speed into another, which was stationary on the line. The stoker and engineer of the moving train were killed instantaneously, and several passengers were injured. At the inquest one of the signalmen admitted that by an error of judgment he had allowed the train to go on. The verdict was one of "Misadventure," but the jury condemned as dangerous the practice of running an engine with the tender in front instead of behind.

FIRES IN LONDON.—On Thursday last week a large newly-erected building at the corner of Bread Street, Cheapside, occupied by Messrs. Foster, wine and tea merchants, and a house opposite belonging to Messrs. Cow, Hill, and Co., were entirely destroyed by a fire which is supposed to have originated in a slight explosion of gas. The thickness of the party walls and the exertions of the fire brigade prevented the spread of the flames to other buildings, but Messrs. Foster's house was completely gutted, and the walls so much calcined that they will have to be taken down. One fireman was knocked down by the falling *debris* and badly hurt, and several others had narrow escapes. The street traffic was partially stopped for several days on account of the dangerous condition of the ruins, which on Tuesday were visited by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. The damage is estimated at 500,000*l*.—On Saturday the three upper floors of a bonded warehouse in Upper Thames Street were destroyed by fire, but the basement, wherein some thousands of gallons of wines and spirits were stored, was fortunately preserved.—On the same day another fire occurred at a wholesale stationer's in Bread Street Hill; and on Monday several other fires broke out, one in Whitechapel, another in Clerkenwell, and a third in St. Martin's Lane.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—On Saturday last, at the Chester Railway Station, a gentleman, in getting hurriedly out of a carriage, fell between the platform and the train, and the train moving on at the same moment, the bystanders supposed that he must have been killed. He was, however, found to be comfortably lying, with spectacles on nose, on the metal rods which communicate with the signals, unhurt except for a very slight wound on one leg.



II.

THE *Fortnightly* is a very excellent number. In Part II. of his "Future of Islam," Mr. W. S. Blunt takes up "the modern question of the Caliphate." Events which have shaken Islam to its centre have brought once more into the foreground the long-dormant question of the successorship to the Prophet and spiritual headship of all true believers. And "Khalifeh"—long a mere second title of the Ottoman Sultans, unacknowledged by other Moslems, who regard the House of Othman as heretical in this matter—has become again a word of power. Abd-el-Hamid, with Armenian keenness—his mother was of that despised but gifted race—has early recognised this important fact, and laboured not without success to appear in the light of a Defender of the Faith to orthodox Mussulmans east and west, from Hindostan to Tunis, from Delhi to Kerwan. Should he fail, however, in the end—and his support is in the party of reaction, not among the advocates of religious reform—the fall of the Ottoman Caliphate will be close at hand.—M. Chiol's "Bulgaria" is a scathing criticism of Prince Alexander's recent *coup d'état*, which all should read who desire a clear view of the present condition and future prospects of the latest-born among European States.—"Excavations in Pergamon" describe most graphically the splendid friezes from the great altar of Zeus Nicéphoros which German enterprise has just secured for Berlin—friezes not quite to be classed with those of Phidias, but fine examples of that later eclectic school which under the patronage of the Attalid Kings—the Medici of Asia Minor—made Pergamon a kind of Hellenic Florence.—Mr. Grant-Duff's "South Africa: an Unspoken Speech," is a clever defence (a little at the expense of our officials on the spot) of Government action in the affair of the Transvaal. But what would Charles Lamb have said to the conclusion, that to quote with Earl Cairns the famous verse "We never blushed before" is simply to be guilty of a "bull," for "we must certainly be held to have 'blushed' a first time when these lines were originally written?"

In the *Contemporary* Karl Blind pursues his interesting researches among "Scottish, Shetlandic, and Germanic Water Tales" back to their earliest sources in the East—sources which, when explored, apparently suggest one common origin for the Aryan Vana gods, the Oann of the Chaldean flood-myth, the Finns of Shetlandic and Norwegian folk-lore, nay possibly even the Fionns of Ireland.—In "Ararat and Eden," M. Lenormant compares the Biblical narrative with the sacred legends of India and Iran in the hope apparently to reconstruct therefrom the geographical conceptions which underlie these earliest traditions of the first and second cradle of our race.—Mr. Goldwin Smith takes "The Canadian Tariff" as a text wherein to hang an essay that might have been written with better grace the other side the frontier line. That there should be people in Canada who would take up arms to maintain the connection with Great Britain, and others who delight in knighthoods and decorations and such-like baubles of a monarchical *régime*, and worst of all that such people should be encouraged by popularity-seeking Governors-General, is a subject on which Mr. Smith can scarcely write with patience, a phenomenon which he doubts whether to describe as outrageously absurd or temporarily dangerous. These are things which the founders of the United States would have condemned in one word as "anti-Continental," and for a Canadian to be Imperialist first and Continental afterwards is clearly in Mr. Smith's eyes to be given over to perdition.

In *Blackwood* a fresh instalment of "The Land of Khemi" combines much pleasant description of "society in the provinces" with interesting explorations among the rock tombs of a district rarely visited by the passing tourist in his haste to arrive at Luxor or the Cataracts. It is sad to think that the finest of these tombs are being recklessly destroyed in quarrying operations.—"Hints for an Autumnal Ramble," by an "Old Tramp," if hardly so good as in the August number, derive a special though a melancholy interest as the last paper readers of *Blackwood* will peruse from the pen of the late John Hill Burton.—"The Private Secretary" makes her parting bow—a little, if we dare say so, to our relief.—Of the new serial—"Uncle Z"—it is too early yet to speak with confidence.

Scribner, from whom we learned last month the glories of "Ice Yachting" on American streams, now shows us "How to Build our Ice Yacht" from working drawings of a crack Hudson River boat;

"Coniferous Forests of the Sierra Nevada" introduce us *seriatim* to the giant pines and spruce and cedar trees, which soar in isolated majesty 200 feet above the lower trees for a thousand miles along its western slope; and fiction furnishes two capital representatives in a "Boy in Gray," and a second chapter of "Queen Titania."—*Harper* reveals an earthly Paradise for holiday-makers, delicate or robust, in its pleasant "Summering Among the Thousand Isles," or tells under the title of "An Old Fort and What Came of It," how Captain Sword gave way to Captain Pen, and "Fort Massachusetts" became transformed into painstaking unpretentious "Williams College."—The *Atlantic* has another idyll of healthy unconventional Norse life in its "Katrina Saga," and side by side, in "Dr. Breen's Practice," a contrasting picture, no less skilful, of the over-wrought conscientiousness and high-strung nervous system developed out of modern forms of female culture in New England.

A paper on the "Decay of New England Thought"—the old masterful Calvinistic Puritanism having lost its strength while as yet no definite successor to it has arisen—and another upon "Ghost-seeing," by Professor Hedge, a believer in the unseen world, though not in the ordinary phenomena of "spiritism," are perhaps the most generally readable in a rather tame number of the *North American Review*.

In *Le Livre*—a recently started monthly for Parisian book collectors—*le bibliophile* Jacob brings to a close his very valuable "Etude Bibliographique" of that Fifth Book of Rabelais of which we have presumed to doubt the genuineness. The *correspondances d'extrêmes*, the English department of which is skilfully written by Mr. Joseph Knight, and the *comptes rendus analytiques* of the "modern side"—for *Le Livre*, like some schools, has a classical and a modern division—seem all that is needed to keep their readers well abreast of the chief doings in the publishing world alike in France and in adjoining countries.—To the *Art Journal* Mr. Brewer contributes an interesting paper on the "Dwarf Cities of Germany," as studied in those most perfect of surviving examples the series of little fortified towns between Würzburg and Bamberg on the Maine; and Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt another no less interesting on "Corporation Plate and Insignia of Office."—In the *Antiquary* the Rev. Valpy French continues his careful account of "Brasses of Huntingdonshire," and Mr. Gomme gives certain curious particulars of archaic village communities in Scotland.—Our *Times* assails social ills in a style always original and often trenchant.—In the *Day of Rest* Mr. Buchanan's "God and the Man" and "Annie," a short story of much simple pathos, are noticeable even in a crowd of papers all, or nearly all, of more than average merit.

SOME CURIOUS ANCIENT ENGLISH POTTERY has been unearthed at Hampton Wick, where the workmen, excavating the foundations for an additional wing to a house in the Lower Teddington Road, came upon a quantity of earthen vessels buried about 2 feet from the surface. Several were broken by accident, but the remainder appear to be cinerary urns, containing charred bones, and belonging to a very remote period, possibly before the Roman occupation of Britain. All the pottery is sun-dried, and is of the same type as the unbaked clay urns found in the barrows on Salisbury Plain; but as glass, amber, and flint implements were buried with the Salisbury urns, and not a single trace of these has been seen at Hampton, the present find must belong to an earlier period.

THE BLACK AND WHITE EXHIBITION AT GLASGOW.—The Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts is distinctly energetic. Last year it held the first Black and White exhibition ever seen North of the Tweed, and this year, with over a thousand important works, it has produced a show which it is no exaggeration to say is probably the most generally attractive and artistically good of its kind yet seen in Great Britain. The best artists and etchers of Europe contribute, and, gratifying to relate, America also is represented. Some remarkably striking and beautiful etchings, both by French and English artists, are chiefly noticeable; whilst the delicate drawings in charcoal of our Gallic neighbours form a most attractive feature of the Exhibition. Besides these, there are some first-rate examples from the Hague, Brussels, Munich, and New York, forming a remarkably diversified, pleasing, and instructive collection. Local artists, too, are to the fore. If space permitted we might particularise many works which call for special praise. The limits of this note, however, preclude selection, which, after all, might be invidious. Suffice it to say that all Art-lovers should, if possible, visit the Galleries in Sauchiehall Street, in order to see an Exhibition which would be of exceptional interest even in London, and which affords an unwonted opportunity for the comparison of various Continental works with our own, and those of that vigorous young school so steadily gaining in strength across the Atlantic. Moreover, the black and white collection is supplemented by a small but very praiseworthy exhibition (the sixth) of the Scottish Society of Water-colour Painters, who show much improvement on their previous work, and a generally high standard eminently gratifying.



THE only novelty at our theatres which we are called upon to record is a musical trifle produced at the Haymarket on Monday evening, with the title of *Blue and Buff; or, the Great Muddleborough Election*. It is the work, as far as the libretto is concerned, of Mr. E. V. Ward, the music being furnished by Mr. W. L. Frost. Both these gentlemen are, it appears, Liverpool celebrities, the latter being stated to be a church organist in that town, where the little piece has, we believe, been already represented to the satisfaction of a local audience. *Blue and Buff* is slight in story, and not very strong in the political satire at which it aims. The music, however, deserved a more efficient interpretation than it received. Want of adequate preparation was, indeed, painfully apparent on the occasion of the first performance, inasmuch that one of the ladies on the stage, tried beyond endurance, actually entered upon an audible remonstrance, addressed to the unfortunate composer, who presided in the orchestra. The truth is that during the temporary absence of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft that popular and ordinarily well-managed house has fallen into the hands of persons imperfectly skilled in the business of the stage, who are neither able to avoid rather conspicuous failure, nor to exhibit skill in retrieving disasters. It is to be hoped for the credit of the Haymarket that its present occupants will take counsel with more experienced persons, and, where they have now little more than the ambition to succeed, will be able ere long to associate this ambition with the only true conditions of success.

Mr. Dutton Cook has in the press a volume of biographical and critical memoirs, to be called "Hours with the Players." Though the volume will not deal with living actors or actresses, it includes famous performers who have recently passed away. In a preliminary announcement the author says:—"I presume to claim on its behalf that it contains more precise and complete memoirs of sundry of the performers that it deals with than have previously been submitted to the public, or could be forthcoming without considerable diligence, research, and study."—Mrs. Scott-Siddons will commence an engagement at the HAYMARKET in the latter part of October, to

be followed by the reappearance of Miss Ada Cavendish on the same stage. Both these ladies have for some time been absent on a round of professional engagements in the United States.—Mr. Charles Reade's "Never Too Late to Mend," revised by the author for the occasion, was revived at the ADELPHI Theatre on Thursday evening.—Mr. G. R. Sims's new romantic drama, entitled "The Lights of London," will be produced at the PRINCESS'S Theatre this evening.—Mr. Hollingshead has returned to London after an extensive tour in Northern, Central, and Southern Russia.—The title of Mr. Mortimer's new adaptation now in rehearsal at the HAYMARKET is *Reclaimed*. It is founded on *Les Vieux Garçons*, a comedy by M. Victorien Sardou.

PRIZE-FIGHTING.—The decadence of prize-fighting from the glorious position of a recognised national sport may, perhaps, be dated from immediately after the memorable contest between the renowned British boxer, Tom Sayers, and the equally famous American, John C. Heenan. Since that time the pastime has been gradually going out of fashion, but unfortunately for our reputation as a cultured nation there are still too many people amongst us who take delight in watching a couple of carefully-trained men knock each other about until one falls exhausted, and the features of both are swollen, bruised, and bloodstained out of all recognition, even if all their bones remain unbroken. It is difficult to imagine a more degrading and brutalising exhibition than a prize-fight, not a duel with fists for the rough and ready settlement of some personal dispute or quarrel, but a deliberate, cold-blooded contest in which, for the sake of so much money, the combatants stand up in opposition in the presence of some hundreds of eager spectators, the question to be decided being not which is the most skilful in the use of his "mauleys," for that could just as well be done with well-padded gloves, nor yet which is the hardest hitter, for that might more accurately be ascertained by each man striking at a machine such as one often sees in use at fairs and at street corners. Neither is it to decide which possesses the greatest amount of "pluck," since it is obvious that by an unlucky blow the most courageous man may be "knocked out of time," leaving a comparative coward master of the field. No, the sole object is to find out which of the combatants can stand the greatest amount of "punishment," as it is significantly called. Such an exhibition is not for one moment to be confounded with the science or art of boxing as legitimately practised with gloves, it is a physical-endurance contest pure and simple, and as such has no redeeming feature to palliate or excuse it. Yet, as we have said, although much less fashionable than of yore, it seems to have plenty of patrons still,—people who enjoy it, and who take a vast deal of pains to elude the vigilance of the police in order to indulge in it undisturbed. According to a Society journal, several noblemen and more than one magistrate were amongst the spectators at a prize fight at Edenbridge a few days ago. And this very week the police have laid hands on two separate parties who were engaged in this amusement; one batch of half-a-dozen being captured at Hendon on Sunday, and committed for trial without bail, whilst in the other case, at Northfield, near Birmingham, twenty-one out of twenty-three persons arrested were committed for trial, but admitted to bail. In this latter instance the police stated that there were no fewer than 200 persons present in the field. We are glad to see that the magistrates expressed their determination to suppress prize-fighting, and we hope that if the accused are convicted an exemplary punishment will be meted out to them.

EARLY COLONIAL ARCHITECTURE IN AMERICA.—A result of the institution of School Boards in this country was a vigorous impetus given to building enterprises, at a time when many of our leading architects were making love to the revived Queen Anne style. This was practically the beginning of an architectural fashion, which, stimulated by plenty of *vis à voce* argument, and much able writing in newspapers, magazines, and books, at last became a decisive and unmistakable movement. American architects were not slow to observe the reform taking place here; moreover, the Centennial recollections and enthusiasm of 1876 roused a tremendous interest in all the quaint old-fashioned remnants of the Colonial epoch, which are not an insignificant feature of present American life, and the so-called Queen Anne revival became as much an institution in the States as it is in London. The American Institute of Architects, observing the signs of the times, appointed a committee to inquire into the practice of the early architects and builders; and this committee has recently presented a preliminary report of great interest. Many buildings, both domestic and public, with dates ranging as far back as 1639, appear to have been examined, and the curious thing is that most of them will bear comparison with the best English contemporary erections. One, of course, naturally expects to find plenty of traces of the Old Country's influence in colonial architecture; but in the case of the States it is so marked throughout as to be somewhat of a revelation to the uninitiated mind. Most of the public buildings of the Colonial period were erected during the wave of commercial prosperity between 1730 and the passing of the Stamp Act. Mercantile success nowadays seems synonymous with bad taste, to which the grace and evident culture that distinguish the work of the early American builders and architects affords a striking contrast. Many of these old-time edifices might belong to some quiet English town, hitherto undisturbed by modern progress, nor yet disguised with modern stucco; and they bear telling testimony to the taste of their designers, and the thoroughness and conscientiousness of the men who built them. It is a point worth noting also, that, with all their similarity to English work, they possess a sort of out-in-the-open feeling, an artistic breadth, freedom, and airiness, and withal a homely, comfortable charm which seem to come, partly perhaps from their associations, but mostly from the natural influences of New World life and landscape.

DR. BIRDWOOD, C.S.I., of the India Office, has received the honour of knighthood.

A NEW COLLEGE OF PRACTICAL ENGINEERING has been opened at Muswell Hill, near London, under the auspices of a number of the most eminent practical engineers in the kingdom, including Sir John Anderson, late Chief Engineer at Woolwich; Sir Henry Bessemer, Sir R. M. Stephenson, Sir Joseph Whitworth, Charles Manby, Esq., Honorary Secretary of the Institution of Civil Engineers; and many others. The Principal of the College is Mr. John Bourne, C.E., well known by his works on the Steam Engine and other kindred subjects. The instruction given will combine the best theory with the best practice, and the establishment of this College will, it is expected, constitute an epoch in Engineering History. The hands of the students will be educated as well as their heads. They will be taught how to work accurately in wood and metal, and when their two years of instruction terminate, they may be expected to be real acquisitions to any engineer's office or factory they may enter. There will be no cramming, and everything taught will be permanently and practically useful. Another special feature will be that a number of treatises illustrative of engineering art will be produced at the college, forming together an engineers' library. In furtherance of this undertaking the valuable stores of practical information accumulated at the Institution of Civil Engineers will be made available, and selected students will be adopted as *collaborateurs* in this important work and their names published, whereby their attainments will be made so widely and so favourably known as to constitute a valuable credential during their whole subsequent careers.



MR. E. J. POYNTER, R.A., has resigned his post as Art Director at South Kensington, and will be succeeded by Mr. T. Armstrong.

THE INTERNATIONAL GEOGRAPHICAL EXHIBITION has been opened at Venice, and the British maps and geodetic instruments are especially admired.

A FRENCH VOLUNTEER CORPS has been formed at Marseilles. The members wear a very plain uniform, and at present only practise bayonet exercise with an alpenstock.

THE PRESENT SEASON IN THE HIGHLANDS is said to be one of the best known for many years. Tourists are unusually numerous, sportsmen arrive in crowds, and the shooting lodges are exceptionally well filled.

A YOUNG AFRICAN GORILLA has been brought to England from Sette Cama, a small port on the south-west coast. When first taken on board, the creature was very wild, and tried to bite everybody, but it is now fairly tame. It is half-grown, and is about four feet high.

THREE VALUABLE PAINTINGS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL have been hung in the Paris Louvre,—Constable's "Glebe Farm," a portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and one of Mulready's works. A curious canvas, which is painted on both sides, by an Italian artist, is now also exhibited.

A LOAN ART EXHIBITION has been opened at Bolton in aid of the lately erected infirmary—a highly interesting collection of 1,500 oil and water-colour paintings, gold and silver work, armour, glass from the South Kensington Museum, china, and bronzes, &c. Miss Thompson's "Balaclava," and works by the late E. M. Ward, Messrs. Marks, Pettie, Frith, &c., are included amongst the pictures, besides contributions from several foreign artists.

ELECTRIC LIGHTS HAVE CREATED A PLAGUE OF FLIES at the hotels in a Transatlantic Southern watering-place. The heat of the gas keeps insects away, but the cool glare of electricity attracts the flies and moths in such numbers that they swarm in thick masses round the lights, to the great annoyance of the visitors. Talking of electric lighting, Mr. Edison has established a school of electricity for workmen in New York, where explanatory lectures are given weekly.

A GHOST is alarming the village of Garstang, North Lancashire. For some few nights a "white ghost" has been seen on a lonely spot near the railway, frightening a servant into a nervous attack, and so alarming the postman that he refuses to take the mails to the night trains. The Lancashire lads, however, are decidedly sceptical respecting their supernatural visitor, and turn out at night to patrol the lanes, armed with cudgels, and promising to make an example of the ghost if it can be caught.

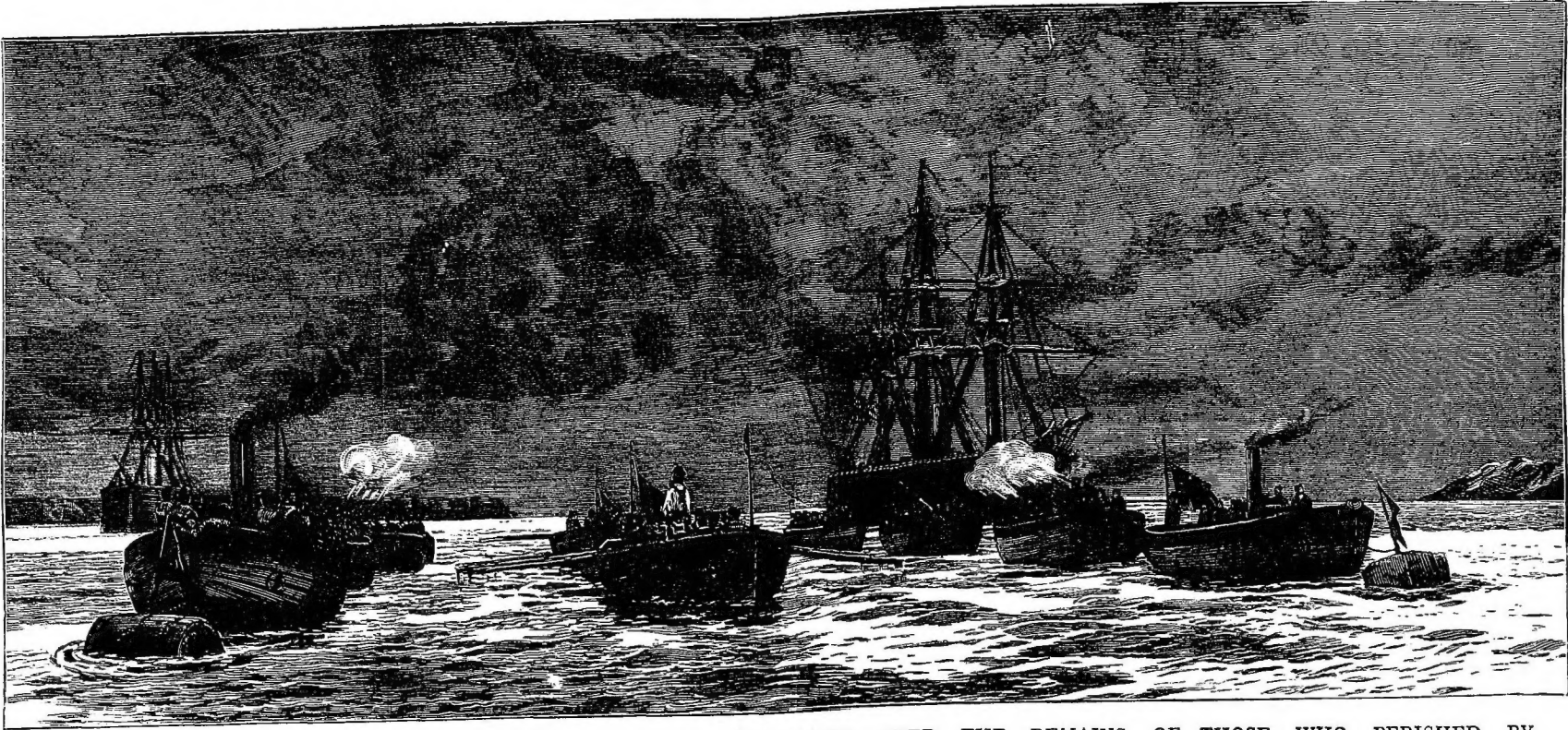
A QUIET PROCESSION OF CRIPPLES took place last week in Paris. The dean of the Parisian lame beggars was dead, and the halt and maimed of all kinds followed him to the grave,—a miscellaneous collection of some 200 blind, lame, one-armed, and variously deformed beings. Father Viller, the deceased, had lost both legs, but for thirty years crawled up and down between the Boulevard Haussmann and the Palais Royal, earning some 10s. daily. He had put by a nice little sum, and was always ready to help his neighbours, while he has now bequeathed his savings to the poor of his parish.

THE CORINTH CANAL planned by General Turr is likely to be made on much the same line as that begun by the Emperor Nero. The engineers have just finished a preliminary survey, and have decided in favour of the ancient cutting at the western end of the isthmus, so the Greek Premier and the Minister of the Interior have gone with General Turr to Corinth to examine the proposed direction of the canal. *Apocryph* of canals the Americans circulate very unfavourable reports of the state of affairs at Panama, stating that the death-rate amongst the labourers is enormous, the pay small, and the food and house-room are of the poorest description. M. de Lesseps, however, is now erecting "sanitary towns" for his men all along the line—groups of fifteen buildings to accommodate 400 men, all carefully drained and provided with water tanks.

CZAR ALEXANDER III. prefers the national Russian cookery to the most elaborate foreign dishes, and his daily meals, the *American Register* tells us, are served in complete accordance with old traditional customs. Every dinner is preceded by the "Zukuska"—caviare, herrings, sardines, smoked goose, sausage, cheese, and butter, &c., served on gold enamelled plates, and placed on small tables in different parts of the dining-room to whet the guests' appetites. The Czar's favourite soups are "shti," which is composed of stewed beef and mutton, flavoured with garlic, beetroot, herbs, and spices—a well-known Russian dish—and "okroska," a mixture of pears, apples, plums, and oatmeal, with small pieces of meat, herring, and cucumbers floating in the decoction, which is served cold. Another favourite dainty is pork boiled in milk, and served with a highly spiced gravy.

LONDON MORTALITY continues very low, and the deaths last week numbered 1,190 against 1,342 during the previous seven days, being a decrease of 152, and 290 below the average, while the death-rate further decreased to 16·2 per 1,000, the lowest rate known for ten years. There were 22 deaths from smallpox (a fall of 14), 57 from diarrhoea (a decrease of 60, and 158 below the average), 40 from scarlet fever (6 below the average), 35 from measles (a rise of 2, and 15 above the average), 18 from whooping-cough (23 below the average), 13 from fever, 1 from cerebro-spinal fever, 4 from dysentery, and 1 from cholera. The fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs decreased to 115 from 141, and were 36 below the average, while different forms of violence caused 55 deaths. There were 2,358 births registered, a decline of 35, and 150 below the usual return. The mean temperature was 54·5 deg., and 5·8 deg. below the average, and there were 15 hours of bright sunshine out of the 95 hours during which the sun was above the horizon, about 16 per cent.

KING LOUIS OF BAVARIA'S ECCENTRICITIES certainly do not diminish as the King gains in years and experience, to judge by a recent description of the wonders in his magnificent Palace of Lindenhof, hidden away in a secluded valley beyond the Ober-Ammergau. Apart from the building itself, which is an elaborated copy of the Versailles chateau, gorgeous outside with marble and gilding, and ornamented within with priceless tapestry, jewels, and a marvellous gold-embroidered bed which cost 75,000l., the park is like a fairy scene, with tropical flowers planted mysteriously in the night, a splendid temple of Venus, and a curious tunnel leading to a subterranean lake, in a cave once known as the Blue Grotto. This lake is lit up by artificial flames enclosed in gilt glass globes, so that its waters look like gold; while the waves are stirred by some ingenious invention to imitate the effects of a breeze. The King glides over the lake in a gondola; and, as he is invariably alone, he was nearly drowned the other day, for the steam-engine driving the agitating contrivance worked too well, and created a perfect storm, which capsized the gondola. Beyond the cave in a lonely meadow is a bark hut, like that in the King's favourite composer's *Walküre*; and close by, as a striking contrast, stands a magnificent Moorish pavilion, a mass of jewels and gold, in the centre of which hangs a huge emerald and turquoise peacock.



THE LOSS OF THE "DOTEREL"—FUNERAL SERVICE PERFORMED OVER THE REMAINS OF THOSE WHO PERISHED BY THE EXPLOSION



CAPE CART SENT HOME BY THE YOUNG PRINCES ALBERT VICTOR AND GEORGE AS A PRESENT TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES



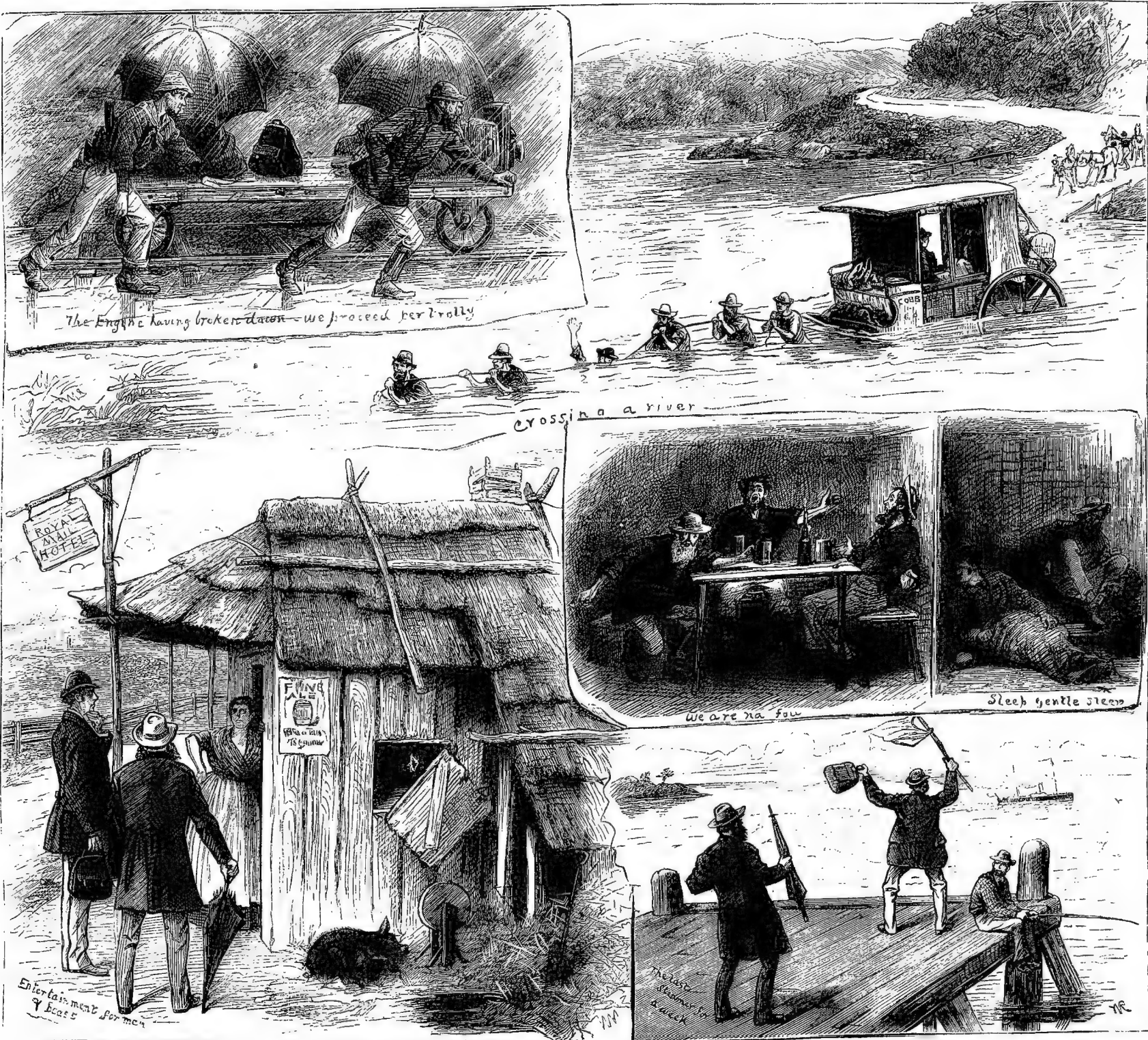
AFGHANISTAN—ARRIVAL OF FUGITIVES AT CHAMAN AFTER ABDUR-RAHMAN'S DEFEAT



PROFESSOR W. H. M. CHRISTIE, F.R.S.
The New Astronomer Royal



EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNY, THE COMPANION OF BYRON AND SHELLEY
Died Aug. 13, aged 58



INSPECTING A NEW RAILWAY IN QUEENSLAND



"THE PRIEST'S BLESSING: OR, Poor Patrick's Progress from this World to a Better," by Harriet Jay, authoress of "The Queen of Connaught" (1 vol.: F. V. White and Co.). This is the secret history of a case of landlord-murder in the West of Ireland. In telling it, Miss Jay has, with finished art, avoided every appearance of literary colouring, and has depended for effect upon an almost excessive simplicity. We are compelled to read it as uncritically as a private letter, and do not consciously realise its full power and pathos until we can look back upon it as a whole: and then every well-remembered stroke tells. Not all Miss Jay's readers will agree with her that Irish troubles are due to no deeper cause than priestly influence, or indeed that such influence is anywhere near the root of the matter, and she makes the usual mistake of supposing that an Irish landlord is necessarily incapable of comprehending, at least as well as a novelist, the nature of the people with whom he has to deal. But, if this were so, landlords would learn much from the life-progress of Pat O'Connor of Patrickstown—how, from being a mere harmless victim of a large family and potato disease, he came to die on the gallows, a martyr to a blind sense of religion and honour. No word of conventional sentiment mars the effect of this powerful study of the heart and mind of a savage of our own time and nation, with his capacities for unconscious heroism under circumstances which would seem to make anything in such a shape impossible. We are not cheated into taking strong and bitter stuff by the formalities of a love story. Plot and style are strong and bitter enough—as much so as any story must be that deals with the extreme conditions of Irish peasant life as they are. Exception must, in justice, be taken to Miss Jay's inaccurate treatment of legal matters in general and of criminal procedure in particular. It injures that effect of complete truth which, in other respects, her knowledge of the larger human nature which lies outside the law-courts ensures. Pat O'Connor himself represents a type which she obviously and thoroughly understands, and which all who are interested in the Ireland of to-day and to-morrow ought to understand also. The novel is certain to attract exceptional attention.

We have very often had occasion to notice the curious fatality that hangs over names of flowers when used as titles for novels. Reason can have nothing to say to the matter openly, but it is no mere fancy, indeed it is the result of unbroken experience, that the name of a flower on the title page of a story is a warrant for weakness—to use no harder word. When Mrs. Randolph found herself anticipated in the use of the name "Mignonette," she would have shown more prudence in keeping clear of horticulture altogether than in substituting the equivalent "Reseda" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett). The name of any other flower would have suited her heroine and her story just as ill. Are we supposed to understand it to be characteristic of that flower that it should have a lover who has a brother who murders his aunt and forges a cheque for 80,000l.—rather a large sum, by the way, to be drawn suddenly from a bank by a stranger under circumstances that challenged inquiry. Or that it should have a half sister who consents to be married under a false name, and a step-mother who tell lies? The perfume of "Reseda's" life does not otherwise resemble that of "Mignonette" more than any other flower. Mrs. Randolph is not strong either in plot or portraiture. But she is likely to please ultra-sentimental readers who object to anything in the shape of humour, and—strange distinction for a novelist—she is right in her marriage law.

"A Man's Mistake," by the author of "St. Olave's" (3 vols., Hurst and Blackett), is a record of more, and more unlikely, blunders than can often be credited to one man. Of course, while in love with one woman he, for no reason whatever, marries another: that is a quite common way with the heroes and heroines of fiction. But he so manages matters as to make his true love think him tired of her when he was only asking her advice, and then asks a woman with ominous "white eye-lashes" to take service with his motherless child in such a style as to lead her to accept him at once for her husband—a hardly possible blunder, by which he quite impossibly abides. The plot turns upon how the lady of the white eye-lashes turned out to have been a poultry girl, whose former husband had been in trouble:—a secret of which the discovery, combined with malaria, causes her sudden death, and so leaves the mistaken man free to marry the woman he really loved after all. The choice of such a plot is certainly odd, and is insufficiently justified by any correspondingly remarkable merits. Nevertheless the novel has merits which are considerable, though not remarkable. It is very well written, and always pleasant to read. In some respects it is even amusing, as in the case of the two old servants who go with the property. The chief weakness, apart from the plot, lies in the excessive minuteness with which the authoress enters into the most unimportant details of unimportant conversations and episodes, and in the triviality of her incidents generally. A great deal of strength is necessary to give interest to pointless mysteries and impossibly stupid blunders. The chief merit is that the novel, though neither strong nor inherently interesting, and in spite of its unexciting improbabilities and over-minuteness, is never dull, and often otherwise.

FESTIVAL OF THE THREE CHOIRS AT WORCESTER

THE Festival of the Three Choirs naturally calls our attention to Worcester Cathedral, which, both from an architectural and historical point of view, is one of the most interesting buildings in the West of England.

The origin of the Bishopric and Cathedral of Worcester is lost in the mist of ages. In all probability a church existed here in Roman times, but the first authentic information is the fact that Archbishop Theodore, with the assistance of "King Ethelred" (we suppose King of Mercia), established a church, served by secular priests, or, as they were called, "clerks," to distinguish them from the Regular clergy. The original dedication was to St. Peter, but when the Cathedral was rebuilt by St. Oswald in 983, it was dedicated to St. Mary. St. Oswald's Church must have been of considerable importance, as it is stated to have contained twenty-eight altars. Destroyed by the Danes in 1041, it was rebuilt by St. Wulstan in 1084. Probably the ancient crypt, of which we give a sketch, was the work of St. Wulstan. The church seems, however, to have been singularly unfortunate, for in 1113 it was seriously damaged by fire; in the year 1175 the great tower fell down; and in 1202 it was again injured by fire. The doorway leading to the cloisters and the first two bays of the nave, shown in our sketches, must date between 1175 and 1202, so that probably the church was almost entirely rebuilt between those dates. King John visited the Cathedral in 1203, and gave a considerable sum towards the repairs of the cloisters. About this time, or very shortly afterwards, the choir, Lady Chapel, and eastern transept must have been erected, and the nave is said to have been commenced about the year 1224. The beautiful central or lantern tower was not completed until 1374, and important repairs and alterations were made to the building about the same time. From the time of the Reformation to our own day the Cathedral seems to have suffered from decay, neglect, and injudicious repairs to such an extent that a thorough restoration was

considered advisable. This has been executed under the superintendence of the late Sir G. G. Scott, R.A., but opinion is not undivided upon the way in which this work has been carried out, some people holding that the church is now presented to us as it was in its most palmy days, while others consider that much of the archaeological interest of the building is for ever lost, that it has been robbed of a considerable amount of historical interest, and that the brand-new look of some portions of the church deprive it of that venerable aspect which is so great a charm in our ancient cathedrals. Lord Alwyne Compton, the Dean of Worcester, when addressing the Archaeological Congress at Malvern, said that some people might be inclined to consider it a case of "over-restoration," and expressed a doubt whether the Perpendicular tracery should have been removed out of the Early English windows of the Choir and Lady Chapel. He might also question whether the great east window, the west window, and altar screen might not have been spared. It should not, however, be forgotten that opinions as to restoration have changed considerably within the last ten years, and there are many living architects who *then* would not have scrupled to remove late Gothic features out of an Early church who *now* would carefully preserve them. This arises from the fact that the unreasonable prejudice against the later styles of Mediæval architecture, which was so disastrous in its results, has most fortunately passed away. Every age has its prejudices, and men must not be too hastily blamed because they are influenced by the particular views and fashions of their day. When Inigo Jones added a Grecian portico to Old St. Paul's Cathedral, he acted only in accordance with the taste of his times, and probably as long as the human race lasts injuries will be inflicted to gratify the prejudices and tastes of the hour.

Worcester Cathedral cannot be said to be very rich in sepulchral monuments. It, however, contains two tombs, which are of great interest. The first is that of King John, and the second that of Prince Arthur, son of Henry VII. With the exception of the effigy, which looks like early fourteenth-century work, the tomb of King John dates only from the Reformation, and is not remarkable as a work of art. The chantry of Prince Arthur, on the other hand, is one of the most beautiful and costly monumental works in the country. This prince, who was the eldest son of Henry VII., was married to Catherine of Aragon, and died at the age of sixteen at Ludlow, April 2, 1502. That highly conscientious monarch, Henry VIII., it is well known, divorced Queen Catherine after he had been married to her eighteen years, on account of his scruples about this former marriage with Prince Arthur. Certain observations which are reported to have been made by Prince Arthur with respect to his bride seem to point him out as a very objectionable young man, who if he had lived would in all probability have distinguished himself in the same line in which his brother and sister obtained such an unenviable reputation.

The cloisters and other ecclesiastical buildings adjoining Worcester Cathedral are exceedingly interesting. The King's School has been supposed to be the Monks' Refectory, but the remains of a magnificent reredos at its eastern end prove beyond a doubt that it was formerly a large chapel or church. The ruins of the Fraternity are a charming example of Late Decorated work; this beautiful building was perfect some twenty-five years back, but was pulled down, all except one wall, to save the expense of repairing it. Lord A. Compton defends the then Dean and Chapter against the blame which many have cast upon them in this matter. All we can say is this: We are perfectly certain that had Lord A. Compton been Dean at that time the Fraternity would be now in existence. The roof is said to have been one of the most beautiful in England, and certainly, to judge from the fragment left, the building must have been surpassed by few Halls in England. H. W. BREWER

GOUGANE BARRA

"CASHEL for ruins, Gougane Barra for wild grandeur;" and both are equally neglected by the average tourist. Yet the latter, lying on the Kerry border of County Cork, is perhaps the choicest bit of mountain scenery in all Ireland. It has everything but sea, and everything almost the best of its kind. You will not find there the very grandest of all Irish mountains, though Dereen and Coomroe are very grand; nor the loveliest of all Irish lakes, though St. Finbar's Lake is very lovely in its wildness; nor the sternest of all passes, though Keim-an-Eigh (the pathway of the deer) runs the Gap of Dunloe and the Donegal Bannemore Pass very hard. But altogether, mountains, lake, gorge, cliffs, make something which Killarney itself cannot surpass. I do not know, even in our English lakes, so good an instance of that concentration of divers kinds of savage beauty which one misses in the long monotony of most Scotch and of some Irish landscapes.

In every guide-book you will read about Gougane Barra, and you are pretty sure to come across some photographs of it. But both descriptions and photographs fall very far short of the reality. From them you might think it was but a glorified kind of Dargle; and of course you went to the Dargle from Dublin, and reflected that the contrast between its rugged charms and the sylvan tameness of Richmond Park typified the contrast between wild Ireland and tame England. But Gougane Barra is not a better sort of Dargle. Go and see it. You must "do" Cork and Glengarriff as well as Killarney. Take the three in this order; and having seen Cork, leave your luggage to the Cork and Killarney Railway, and take car to Macroom, and thence to Incheelagh. There begin your walk to the source of the Lee; for Gougane Barra, the last of a chain of lakes of which Loch Allua is the largest, is practically its source, though further west you may find innumerable rills, foaming over rocky channels, working their course along morasses, dashing down mountain sides all the way to the head of the pass.

Forty years ago Macroom had its old Bridewell, on which still hung one of a row of skulls, ghastly mementos of '98, wherewith it was once furnished. It is *Magh* (the plain of) *Crom*, the chief deity of the old Irish; and, for ages after Crom's worship had died out, it continued to be the headquarters of the West Munster bards. It will not detain you now; nor will Incheelagh tempt you to stay longer than is needful, unless you care for pike-fishing, for the importation of pike has wholly destroyed the char for which Loch Allua was once so famous. Its name, the isle of the hostage, takes us back to the times when the MacCarthys and their dependents the O'Learys, were battling against the older O'Flynnys; while every now and then the O'Sullivan, from the West, would make a raid down the Pass and sweep back a prey of cattle. There are plenty of castles about, none interesting, except to the artist, who could scarcely find better studies than these keeps, set on wild crags, amid rock, and water, and "greenery" of all kinds. You may be thankful that the road from Loch Allua to Gougane Barra is better than it was when a tourist, in the middle of the last century, took two hours over less than two miles.

If you don't mind roughing it, you may get shelter at the hamlet of Rhasalucha (the Marsh of the Lake), so as to push on next morning across the mountain, and enjoy the grand view, which takes in the whole Killarney range and also the island-studded Bay of Bantry. Any how, Gougane Barra may well occupy you the best part of a day; for it is always interesting to follow a river to its source, and no river in these islands rises amid grander surroundings than the Lee. I have seen the Thames welling out amid meadow grass, and the Nene, with its nine springs, doing likewise, both in scenery tame even to ugliness. I have tracked the infant Taff among the tussocks of the Breconshire heacons, and the Dove as it springs from the side of Mow Cop (close to a dirty and most unromantic cottage). I have seen the

Aire stream over the edge of Malham Tarn; and the Slaney trickle from a nest of boulders on the shoulder of Lugnaquilla. You, reader, I hope, have visited the sources of nobler rivers; but I'm sure you've never seen anything finer in its way than Gougane Barra. An enthusiastic guide-book says of one of the precipices; "It is like the wall of rocks by the Lake of Thun, as you see it from the Castle of Spiez." I know that Castle; it is a private hotel, and a very pleasant one indeed. I wish there was such a place at Gougane Barra; and if we could get "Royalty" to treat Ireland as Scotland has so long been treated, Rhasalucha would very probably boast at least a first-rate inn. But comparisons of scenery are foolish. Gougane Barra has not the view of the Oberland, flushing rosy red at morning and turning ashen grey as the twilight dies out, that one gets from Spiez terrace; but it has a good deal in the way of scenery that no part of Switzerland can give. It is a savage solitude—bare cliffs some 300 feet high, telling on their scored surfaces of the time when the Lee had its glacier; mountains all round; and such a roar of streams that, once having been there, you'll never trouble yourself about "how the water comes down at Lodore;" and in contrast with all this wildness, the green islet of St. Finbar, with its velvety turf and its luxuriant ash-trees, and the mean little chapel, and the cells where at "Pattern" time a few pilgrims still spend the night in prayer. For it is a holy lake—like in that, though in scenery so unlike that grim Lough Derg, which has no mountains, nor cliffs, nothing but the endless desolation of its flat, ugly, peat bogs. You don't want a boat as you do at Lough Derg, for, across to St. Finbar's isle, there is a causeway that leads you close to the stone-roofed well, fed with lake water, in which sick folks bathe, and through which sick cattle were driven. On the old cross one used to see rags of all kinds as *ex votos*, along with the halters and tethers that proved how efficacious the waters were for oxen.

The "Pattern" used to be a great function, so popular that during the summer there was a weekly rehearsal of it on a small scale. But those days are gone; St. Finbar, patron of Cork city, is of less account than he was; though happily his influence is still sufficient to protect the trees which beautify his *caveau*. You'll like to climb one of the surrounding mountains? Choose Deree (the Little Oak Wood). It is topped by a huge square stone on a rocky base, looking from the opposite ridges so like a giant that it has been christened Fir-breagach (the man of deceit). The view all round is glorious; one of its most curious features being the number of little lakes. Some of them are almost at the mountain tops. Most of them are full of char, like the "Lake of the Red Women" on Coomroe. Your way to Bantry or Glengarriff will be through the Pass of Keim-an-Eigh, which even those who have seen the Trossachs and Glencoe, will allow to be a ravine of striking grandeur.

When you have got through it (it is less than two miles long), and have admired the arbutus that tones down its sternness, and (if you are a botanist) carried off some of the misnamed London Pride that grows there so luxuriantly, you will ask yourself how it is that thousands go every year to the Scotch glens for one who visits the equally interesting border-land of Cork and Kerry. *Caret quia vate sacro* is partly the reason; Scott did much more than we think in making the Highlands popular. And every Scotchman at any rate, from Boswell's day onward, has helped to draw visitors; whereas the Irish landlord has too often been content to know nothing of his own country, and to turn his face abroad for scenery as well as for enjoyment. Will the Land Bill make Ireland more fashionable as a touring place? Anyhow, let me recommend Gougane Barra and Keim-an-Eigh to those who want to see something really good that very few have hitherto seen. H. S. F.

A QUAKER WEDDING

MARRIAGE is contracted among the members of the Society of Friends with as little ceremony as all their other religious duties are performed. The young people, having fallen in love and obtained the consent of their parents to the proposed union, give notice to the Ecclesiastical Council, who make the needful inquiries, and publish a form of banns at the following Sunday meeting to ascertain if there be any valid objection to the marriage. After these preliminaries the bride and bridegroom, with their relatives and friends, attend one of the ordinary weekday devotional meetings, at which the solemn contract is completed without any formal ritual, there being no clergyman and no ring.

Without parson or priest, at the table they stand,
And the bridegroom says—holding his bride by the hand—
"I John, take Friend Margaret here for my wife,
To be loving and faithful, while God gives us life."
No vows to the simple sweet promise lend force,
Yet who ever heard of a Quaker divorce?

The wedding depicted in our engraving was that of Miss Margaret Sophia Bright, third daughter of the Right Hon. John Bright, M.P., with Dr. John Theodore Cash, of Montagu Street, Russell Square, London; which took place on the 24th ult., at the Friends' Meeting House, Warren Road, Torquay. The bride, who was brought to the meeting by her father, wore a white silk dress, a tulle veil, and a wreath of orange blossoms, while her four bridesmaids were attired in pale blue silk, with mob caps; and all carried bouquets of flowers. The meeting was opened with a prayer by a lady member, after which the ceremony above described was gone through. The bridegroom, taking the bride's hand, said: "Friends, in the fear of the Lord, and in the presence of this assembly, I take this my friend, Margaret Sophia Bright, to be my wife, promising through Divine assistance to be unto her a loving and faithful husband, until it shall please the Lord by death to separate us." The same words, with the obviously necessary alteration of names, &c., were then repeated by the bride. Several addresses and prayers were then delivered: after which the marriage certificate (artistically engrossed on vellum and exquisitely illuminated by Mr. A. Midgeley, the bridegroom's cousin) was read by the clerk and signed by bride and bridegroom, bridegroom's mother, bride's father, and about forty other Friends. The formal entry was subsequently made by the District Registrar, who had attended for the purpose, and then the wedding party drove off to the Victoria and Albert Hotel, where the wedding breakfast was given, and whence, later in the day, the happy pair departed for Newton *en route* for Scotland for their honeymoon.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. A. B. Hume, who is also the author of a poem specially written for the occasion, from which the above quotation is made.

OUR OBITUARY RECORD

EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNY, the companion of Shelley and of Byron, who has just died in his 89th year, belonged to the famous old Cornish family of Trelawny. He was the son of a military officer, and was born in the same year as Shelley—1792, and at the age of eleven entered the Royal Navy, but after a few years deserted, and joined a privateer (not a pirate ship as has been sometimes said). His intimacy with Shelley began in January, 1821, at Pisa, and it was he who identified the poet's body when it was cast ashore in the following August, and arranged for its cremation on the beach at Viareggio. In the following year he accompanied Byron to Greece, and remained there with him until his death in 1824. He afterwards travelled in North and South America, and spent some time in Italy, but the latter years of his life were spent in England; at one time in Monmouthshire, and more lately in Sussex. Mr. Trelawny was the author of two books, "The Adventures of a Younger Son," published in 1830, and "Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron" (1858), an enlarged

and revised edition of which appeared under a slightly different title in 1878. He is described as a man of great strength of mind, firm even to stoicism, and having a lofty contempt for the creeds, customs, and conventionalities of society. He was generous, kindly, and magnanimous. His physical capacities were equally remarkable, he was very handsome in features, and of commanding presence. Of rigidly temperate, almost abstemious habits, he scarcely ever suffered from illness throughout his long life, and died at last without disease, simply from old age.

DR. JOHN HILL BURTON, the great Scottish historian, was born at Aberdeen in 1809. His father, who was a military officer, died young, but the widowed mother, the daughter of an Aberdeenshire laird, though left with narrow means, contrived to give her children a good education. Young Burton studied at Marischal College, and after subsequently working in a lawyer's office in Aberdeen, was called to the Edinburgh Bar at the age of twenty-two. While waiting for briefs he turned his attention to literature, contributing articles on law, history, and political economy to the *Edinburgh and Westminster Reviews*, and the *Penny Cyclopaedia*, and later to *Blackwood and Chambers's "Books for the People."* He also produced a number of biographies, including those of "David Hume," "Simon, Lord Lovat," and "Duncan Forbes of Culloden." In 1853 he brought out his "History of Scotland from the Revolution of 1688 to the Extinction of the Jacobite Insurrection," and between 1867 and 1870 the seven volumes of his "History of Scotland from Agricola's Invasion to the Revolution of 1688," the merits of which earned him the appointment of Historiographer Royal. In 1854 he was appointed Secretary to the Prisons Board of Scotland, and on the abolition of that Board in 1860 he was continued as Manager and Secretary in connection with the Home Office, and in 1868 he was further charged with the duty of collecting and reporting to Parliament the Judicial Statistics of Scotland. Mr. Burton was a Fellow of the Royal, the Antiquarian, and the Geographical Societies, an LL.D. of Aberdeen University, and a D.C.L. of Oxford. His last work published about a year ago was the "History of the Reign of Queen Anne."

LIEUTENANT COLONEL C. H. BELL, of the Cape Mounted Rifles, who died in Basutoland on July 2nd of inflammation of the lungs, from which he had been suffering for some time, entered the army in 1843 as an Ensign in the 63rd Foot, was nominated to a captaincy in the Cape Mounted Rifles in 1855, and promoted Major, 1856. He served through the Kaffir War of 1850-2, receiving the medal, and in 1871 was appointed Magistrate of the Leribe District, Basutoland, and on the outbreak of the war in September last year to the military command of the same district. He was beloved and respected by all who knew him, and his loss is mourned alike by natives and Europeans.

Our portraits are from photographs. Mr. Trelawny by Fradelle, 246, Regent Street, and Colonel Bell by J. S. Brock, Stanton, Natal.

THE LOSS OF THE "DOTEREL"—THE FUNERAL SERVICE

THE Court-Martial on board the *Royal Adelaide* flagship at Devonport came to an end on Saturday last, when Commander Evans read his formal defence, declaring that after carefully reviewing his conduct while in charge of the vessel, he could not accuse himself of any error of omission or commission; though, referring to the evidence given on the Thursday by Professor Abel, the chemical expert, he thought that in future redoubled caution ought to be exercised to prevent similar accidents. Lieutenant Stokes and Mr. Baird (ship's carpenter), gave favourable evidence as to the comfortable condition of the ship and the discipline, character, conduct, and temper of the blue-jackets and marines on board. The verdict of the Court acquitted the surviving officers and crew of all blame, and found that there were two distinct explosions, the first of coal gas in one of the bunkers, and the second of powder in the fore magazine, the result of the first. There was no direct evidence to show the cause of the ignition of the gas, but the Court was of opinion that a light may have been taken into one of the bunkers, and that the inflamed gas passed direct into the magazine, either through a rupture made in the after bulkhead, or through the pipe of the flooding apparatus.

Our engraving shows the funeral service performed by the chaplain of the *Turquoise* over the remains of those who were killed by the explosion. The boats of the *Champion* and the *Turquoise*, with the officers and ships' companies in them, in tow of their respective steam cutters, formed two lines, and made fast to the buoys over the wreck, whilst the galleys, with the captain and the chaplain, pulled up the centre, and the service was read, three volleys being fired by the marines of both ships from the leading boats. The ceremony was a very impressive one, and the last act performed before leaving the wreck, everything having been recovered that was possible.

PROFESSOR W. H. M. CHRISTIE

PROFESSOR W. H. M. CHRISTIE, M.A., F.R.S., the new Astronomer-Royal, is a younger son of the late Professor Christie, of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and Secretary of the Royal Society. He was born in 1845, educated at King's College School, London, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, graduated as Fourth Wrangler in 1868, and subsequently elected a Fellow of Trinity. In 1870 he was appointed Chief-Assistant of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, a post which he has held up to the present time. At Greenwich he took an active part in the introduction of spectroscopic and photographic observations of the sun and stars, and in connection with these physical observations devised a spectroscope on a new principle, which has since been used exclusively. Professor Christie is the author of papers on various subjects connected with astronomy in the publications of the Royal and Royal Astronomical Societies, and has contrived an instrument for measuring the colours of stars, a recording micrometer, and a polarising solar eye-piece.

THE RIGHT HON. T. JAMIESON BOYD, F.R.S.E.,

LORD PROVOST OF EDINBURGH, upon whom Her Majesty has just conferred the honour of knighthood, is the senior partner of the well-known publishing firm of Oliver and Boyd, who have been established for nearly a century in the Scottish capital. He first entered the Edinburgh Town Council in 1875, and had only been a member for two years when he was elected Lord Provost of the City, a position which he filled with such ability and success that, on the expiration of his term of office in 1880, he was unanimously re-elected for a further period of three years. Prior to entering the Town Council, he was three times elected Master of the Edinburgh Merchant Company, and during his connection with that ancient body he devised an elaborate and most admirable scheme for the entire reformation of the five "Hospitals," or endowed educational establishments under their administration, a scheme which included the establishment of a number of large day schools for the middle classes, which have proved an inestimable boon to the community, and it was chiefly by his exertions that the fund of 350,000*l.* was collected for the establishment of the magnificent Royal Infirmary, exertions which his fellow-citizens have acknowledged by placing a marble bust of his lordship in the vestibule of that building. Sir Thomas Boyd has performed the ordinary, and often arduous, duties of Chief Magistrate with the greatest tact and success. Much excellent municipal work has been effected during his term of office, and he has lost no opportunity of adding to the attractions and

improving the condition of the beautiful Northern capital. Taking the lead in all important public movements, he has admirably sustained the dignity of his office, while, with the able assistance of Lady Boyd, he has done ample justice to the social obligations of his position.—Our portrait is from a photograph by J. Horsburgh, 131, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

TO MELBOURNE IN A SAILING SHIP

CANVAS OR STEAM? Which do you prefer for a long voyage? Well, if you are in a terrible hurry to get to your destination, steam of course, because you run no risk of being hung up in the calms off the Equator. But if you are travelling for pleasure or for health (since nowadays many invalids go to the Antipodes) take the advice of the writer of these lines, who has tried both modes of conveyance, and decides in favour of canvas. Canvas possesses several negative advantages; the decks are clean instead of being gritty or grimy with coal-dust, nor are you troubled with the throbbing of the screw, the noise and movement of which is suggestive of a giant imprisoned beneath your feet, and struggling to burst forth. Then the knowledge that you are completely at the mercy of the wind for the length of the day's run makes you take a lively and wholesome interest in the weather. Again, on board a sailing-ship "strange things come up to look at you,—the monsters of the deep," much more often than they do on board a steamer, where the agitation caused by the screw frightens away timid creatures. You see "Portuguese men-of-war" spreading their purple sails; turtles swimming over the surface of the ocean as carelessly and unconcernedly as if there were no aldermen in the world; dolphins who gambol familiarly around the bows like the ragged boys who keep pace with omnibuses, throwing somersaults the while. Then it is worth while being becalmed, if only for the pleasure of welcoming the long-wished-for breeze when it does ripple the oily surface of the sea. Besides, during these calms, if the skipper is amiable, he allows a boat to be lowered, and you enjoy a swim in the tepid waters. Don't you wish it was as warm at Ramsgate or Scarborough, but don't you also prefer the chilly fluid of those popular resorts when the second officer shouts "Ware shark!" and you see a great ugly fin sticking above the surface? You think of the poor fellow in Hood's "Whims and Oddities," who, in reply to the inquiry from the vessel, "How are you?" replies "Only middling," having in fact been bitten in two by a shark. So you swim as hard as ever you can, devoutly wishing yourself Webb-handed and Webb-footed, till you are safe on board the boat. Yes, dear reader, unless the captain is exceptionally grumpy, your fellow-passengers unaccountably disagreeable, or the weather abnormally bad, a long voyage by sailing-ship is something to look back upon with pleasure for the rest of one's life, besides that it is excellent physic for those whose brains, or stomachs, or breathing-pipes are out of order.

THE ISLAND OF ASCENSION

THIS island, which lies a few degrees north of the Equator, is nearly a thousand miles distant from Cape Palmas, the nearest point of the African mainland. It is only thirty-four square miles in extent, and consists of a mass of volcanic rock, rising to 2,870 feet above the sea. Turtle, wild goats, and a few sheep and cattle constitute its produce. It used to be employed as a station for the British cruisers engaged in suppressing the slave trade, and is now about to be made a coaling station for steamers. The site of the chief settlement is at George Town, on the north-west coast of the island, where there is a safe anchorage. The climate is very healthy. The variation in the warmth of the air is confined within a very small annual range. The mean temperature of the coldest month (April) is 72° 8.

AN OFFICIAL RAILWAY TOUR IN QUEENSLAND

ON the occasion of a late tour of inspection of new railways, undertaken by the Minister for Works, the Hon. John Macrossan, M.L.A., he met with a series of adventures which would probably be impossible in England. First, the engine on which he and the Commissioner were travelling broke down at night, and a trolley having been hastily rigged up, the adventurous pair started for a forty-mile trip in this primitive conveyance propelled by four men. On arriving at their destination, the steamer had just left for Brisbane, so they started at once by coach, crossing a flooded river by an inundated bridge which the horses refused to face. On arriving at a wayside hotel (!), the sleeping accommodation was indifferent—smoke, drink, and noise being the principal refreshments obtainable. Finally the travellers arrived in Brisbane with extended views of the colony, its railways, and its hotels.

Mr. Macrossan is the most energetic of Ministers. He takes nothing on hearsay; but, when anything is to be done, he goes and sees for himself, undeterred by any difficulties.

The Commissioner, Mr. A. O. Herbert, ably seconds his chief, and manages the rapidly-increasing railways with much discretion and ability.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. A. J. Boyd, of Milton, near Brisbane, Queensland.

A NEW SWIMMING APPARATUS has, according to the *Toronto Evening News*, been invented across the Atlantic. It consists of a light frame, carrying a float and longitudinal shaft, the latter having at one end a small screw propeller. The swimmer reclines on the float, and grasping a hand-crank in each hand, and placing his feet on two foot-cranks, proceeds rapidly and easily, with his head comfortably out of water.

THE TRUNKS OF TREES.—Recent botanical research has shown that the trunks of trees undergo daily changes in diameter. From early morning to early afternoon there is a regular diminution till the minimum is reached, when the process is reversed, and the maximum diameter is attained at the time of twilight; then again comes a diminution, to be succeeded by an increase about dawn—an increase more marked than that in the evening. Variations in diameter are believed to coincide with the variations of tension, but they are shown to be inverse to the temperature, the maximum of the one corresponding roughly to the minimum of the other, and so on. In connection with these investigations it may be remarked that the height of a man is greater in the morning than in the afternoon, and again, that, other influences being suspended, the barometer is higher in the morning than in the afternoon.

SHORT-SIGHTEDNESS IN GERMANY appears to be spreading to an alarming extent, particularly among school children. No one who has lately visited Germany could have failed to notice the remarkable increase of persons wearing eye-glasses—certainly spectacle-makers must drive a thriving trade—and official reports show that a large proportion of boys and girls attending school suffer from myopia, the proportion increasing as the children enter the higher classes. Thus, whereas in the elementary classes from 10 to 11 per cent. are affected, in the higher classes the rate varies from 35 to 88 per cent. Theological students are equal sufferers, 79 per cent. out of 600 being short-sighted, according to a recent examination by a Tubingen physician, who asserts the evil to be due to the small, cramped German print, *pace* Prince Bismarck, and his refusal to read German books printed in Roman characters. As regards the children, however, the affection is often increased by bad sanitary conditions and insufficient food, for a number of little ones sent into the country by a charitable Leipzig society found their sight sensibly improved.

LIGHTING THE ENTRANCE TO THE FIRTH OF FORTH

FOR some time past a correspondence has been going on between the Northern Lights Commissioners and the Board of Trade, and between the Board of Trade and Sir Donald Currie, K.C.M.G., M.P. (acting for the shipping interest concerned and for the Shipmasters' Association), with regard to the lighting of the entrance to the Firth of Forth.

The shipping interests having pressed upon the Board of Trade the importance of having a light on Fidra, the rocky point of the mainland on the south side of the Firth, inside of the Bass Rock, the Board of Trade have finally intimated to the Northern Lights Commissioners that immediate steps are to be taken for the erection of a lighthouse at Fidra.

Fidra is a rocky point of the mainland, about two miles to the west of North Berwick, which from this point is thought to be rather like Jerusalem in outline, the colour of the rocks being of a reddish hue. An underground passage is said to exist between Fidra and Dirleton Castle, a ruin about two miles off. In the distance appears the coast of Fife.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. Reginald P. Phillimore, of North Berwick.

IN ARCADY

YEARS ago across the sea
Dwelt a child in Arcady;
Pulled the petals of a flower
Just to while away an hour,
Saying as the petals fell,
"Tell my fortune, truly tell;
Who is coming now to me,
Prince or peasant, will he be?"
For maidens questioned there, you see,
Even there in Arcady.

Presently a lover came,
But she never asked his name,
Only smiled when he grew sad,
And said "I'm but a peasant lad;"
Only nestled to his side,
"Dearest, I will be your bride,
Prince or peasant, what you be,
You are all the world to me."
For love was only love, you see,
Long ago in Arcady.

We have still an Arcady,
Where true hearts alone may be,
Spite of all the greed and strife,
Of this restless present life.
Wealth and tatters there abide,
Prince and peasant side by side,
Never growing hard or old,
And the key is not of gold.
For whereso'er Love deigns to be,
That is always Arcady.

FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY

HANDLING THE RIBBONS is the favourite occupation of French ladies this season, and every afternoon at the various Gallic watering-places hosts of fair drivers may be seen "conducting" with more or less skill pony-chaises, basket-carriages, or little village-carts. Ladies also affect a decidedly masculine style of costume, navy blue being the favourite hue at Dieppe, and bright red at Trouville, but there are no such eccentricities as the recent toilette of an American beauty at some Transatlantic springs,—a dress on which a complete pack of cards was exquisitely painted.

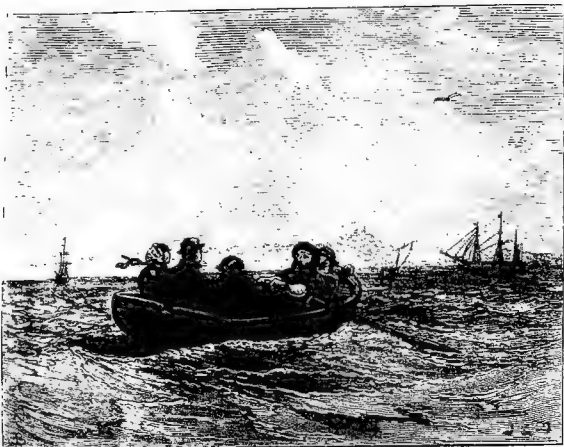
A SINGULAR CASE OF TRANCE is reported from Reading, Pennsylvania, U.S., where for thirty-six days a young Hungarian has lain motionless, unconscious, and yet alive. He came into a bar-room one evening, suffering from a heavy cold, sat down by the stove, dropped asleep, and has never given a sign or look since. He can take a small amount of food, and seems in quite a healthy condition, but all efforts to rouse him have been vain, though he has been subjected to all sorts of experiments. Once, however, when shocked by a powerful galvanic battery, his eyes opened with a dazed look, but closed again immediately.

OBITUARY NOTICES on the Continent often serve as vehicles for advertisements, but the following extract from a Spanish paper certainly bears away the palm for ingenuity:—"This morning the jeweller, Siebald Illmaga, was summoned away from his shop to another and a better world. The undersigned, his widow, will weep upon his tomb, as also his two daughters, Hild and Emma, the former of whom is married, and the latter is open to an offer. The funeral will take place to-morrow. His disconsolate widow, Veronique Illmaga. P.S. This bereavement will not interrupt our employment, which will be carried on as usual; only our place of business will be removed from — to —, as our grasping landlord has raised the rent."

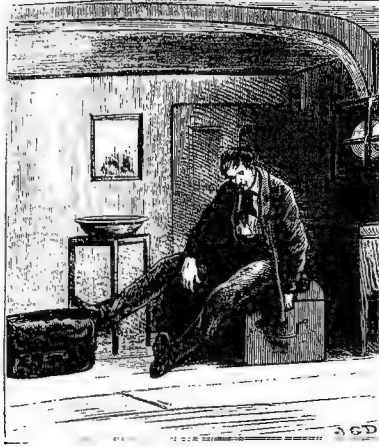
THE NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERY has failed so often of late years that the islanders are at last beginning to consider the harvest of the land as well as that of the sea. Year by year the fishery is more encroached upon by marauders, so as to deprive the natives of their ordinary source of revenue; moreover, the fisheries themselves become less productive, and semi-famine ensues during nearly every winter. Yet Newfoundland, as the *American* points out, is rich internally. The land is good, minerals are plentiful, particularly copper, game and timber are there in profusion, and should the railroad across the island be built, and agriculture be carefully pursued, the Newfoundlanders might prosper beyond their highest expectations.

THE WARDROBE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH must have been about the most varied and extensive ever recorded in Royal annals, to judge from a list of her wearing apparel recently gathered from the State papers. When the Maiden Queen was sixty-eight, and might therefore have been supposed to have outlived some of her youthful vanity, she possessed 99 complete official costumes, 102 French gowns, 100 robes with trains, and 67 without, 126 antique dresses, 136 bodices, and 125 tunics, not to mention such trifles as 96 mantles, 85 dressing-gowns, and 27 fans. With all these dresses, however, it is curious to note that Queen Bess only owned 9 pairs of shoes. When she died, in 1603, 3,000 articles of apparel were found in her wardrobes, duly catalogued.

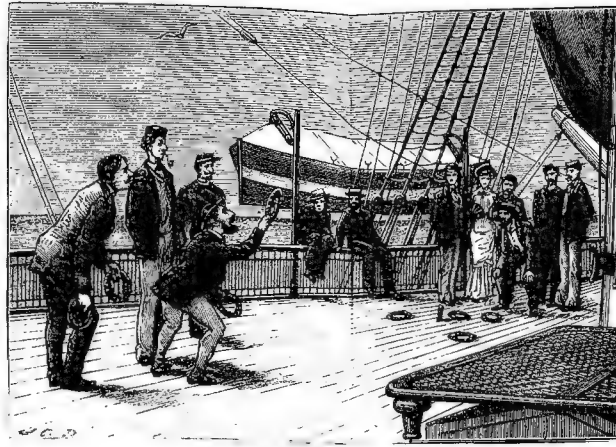
HUMAN SACRIFICES have not yet died out in Central India, according to a case recently reported in the *Times of India*. During a festival in the Patna feudatory State, a Gond chief made a strolling minstrel half tipsy, and then induced his uncle to sit on the victim's chest and cut the throat with an axe, while the chief himself held a bowl to catch the blood which gushed out. Having disposed of the body by chopping it up and burying it in the jungle, the chief and his party adjourned to the Temple of the Goddess Duarini, where they awoke the priest and made him pour the contents of the bowl over the stone image of the goddess as a libation. The priest was alarmed at finding the liquor to be blood, but was told it was the blood of a buffalo. The murderers went quietly home; but some weeks after one of their number was arrested on suspicion through the inquiries of the lost musician's relatives. He soon betrayed his accomplices, and the assassins were speedily condemned to death.



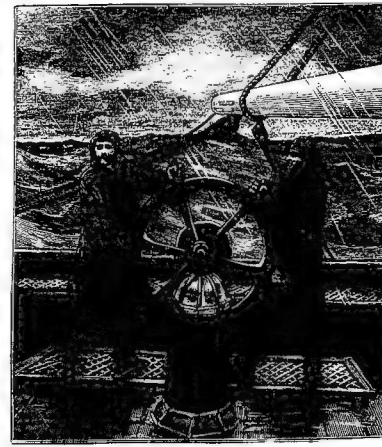
I JOIN THE SHIP AT GRAVESEND



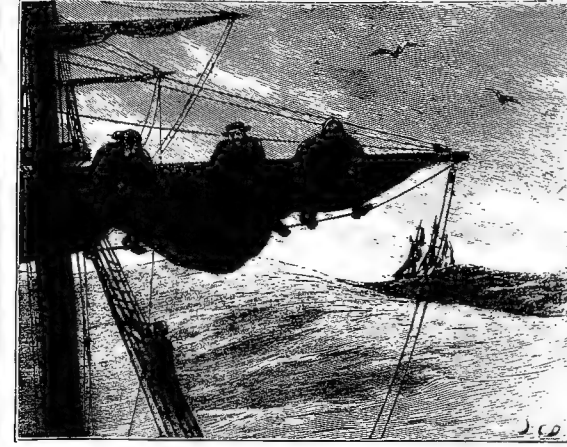
SEA SICK



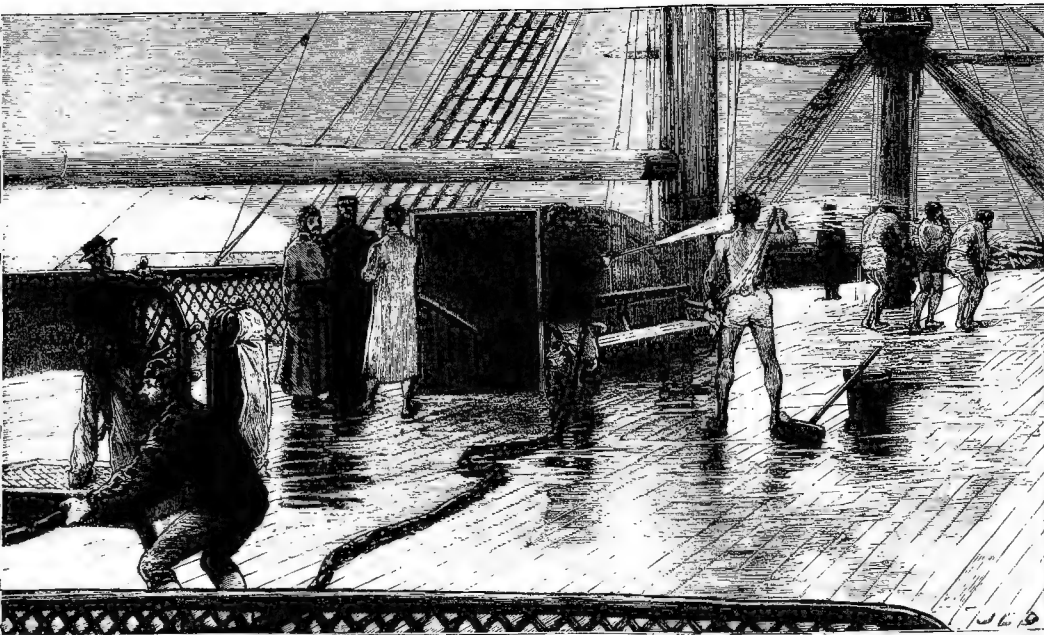
WE PLAY QDOTS



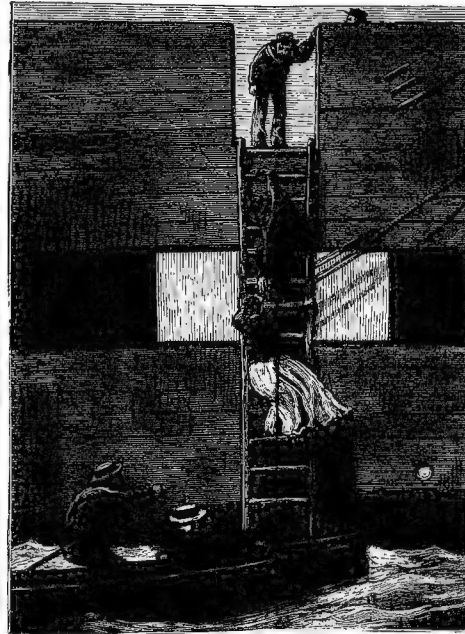
THE WHEEL



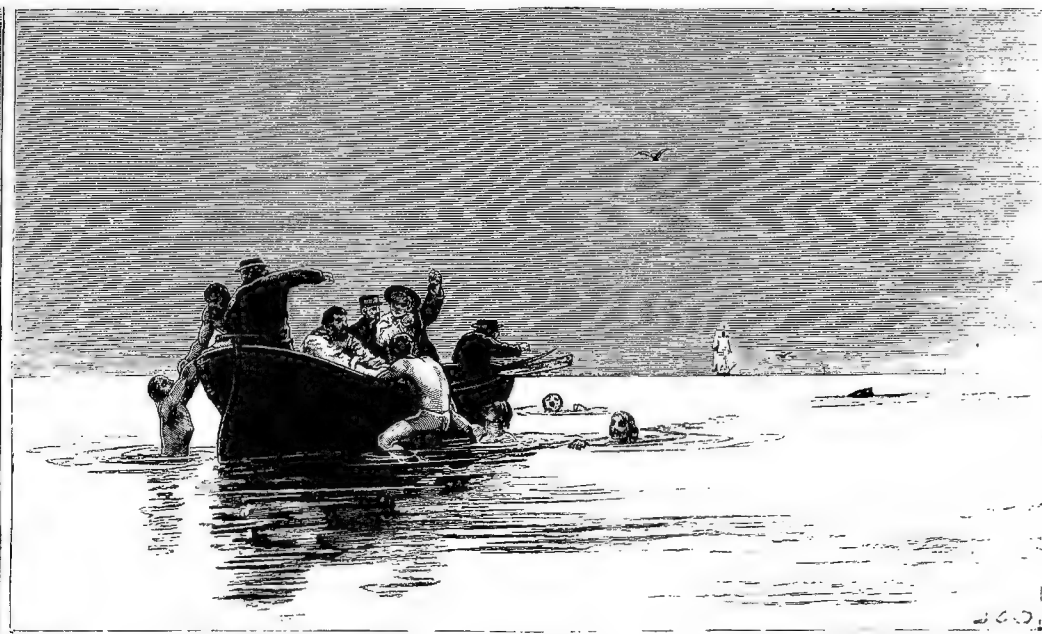
REEFING



OUR MORNING BATH



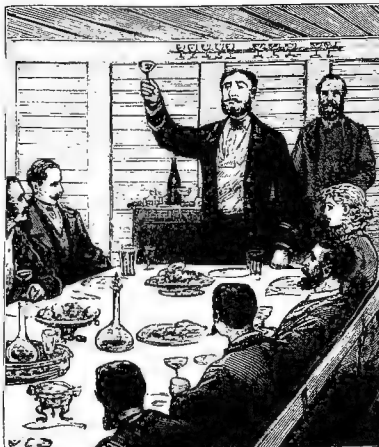
GETTING UP THE SIDE



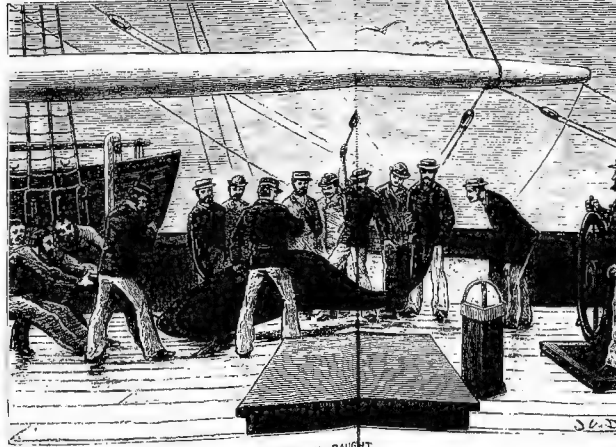
"A SHARK!"



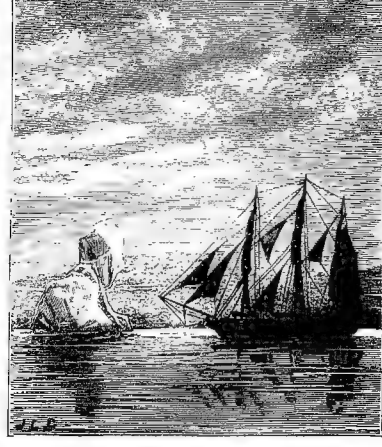
VISITORS TO MY CABIN



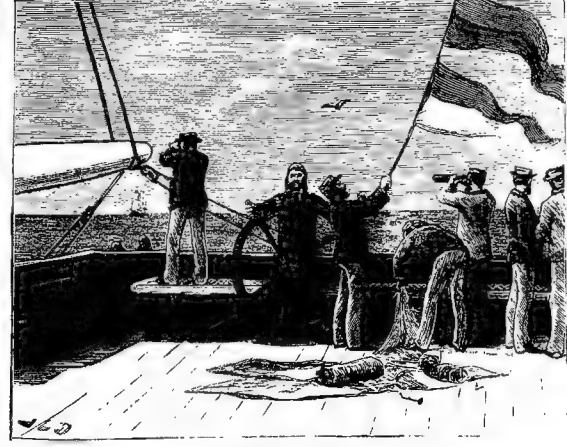
WE DRINK TO THE QUEEN ON HER BIRTHDAY



A SHARK CAUGHT



WE PASS AN ICEBERG



SIGNALLING A SHIP

A VOYAGE TO MELBOURNE IN A SAILING SHIP

SAUNTERING IN TROUVILLE

"ENGLISH spoken."

Alas! Why is the romance of travel to be destroyed by the above frequently repeated advertisement and all its attendant consequences? As E—and I wander through the Trouville streets, with their dainty shops and elegantly-attired women, our tourists' souls are harrowed by the sight of that ubiquitous personage, the irrepressible fellow Briton, who dogs our novelty-seeking steps. The English tongue grates on our ear; the English face, with that habitual "turned-up-nose" aspect indicative of British superiority in a foreign land, meets our gaze; a London bar, with its American drinks, an "Old England" shop, with its British goods, *vitrines*, with the English papers, jar on our nerves, and we groan in spirit. In vain we seek to soothe our ruffled souls by the sad sea waves; two lithe figures flit past us, gay in be-ribboned and sandalled bathing costume, and shout their observations in unmistakable Yankee English, and with a despairing gesture we turn our dogged faces towards those friends of our childhood, the *Roches Noires*, with which no alien influences can have tampered. We reach them at last, huddled together as of old amid limpid pools, short-tempered crabs, and clinging mussels, and as we sit rejoicing in their shadows we watch with a sudden pang of misgiving certain workmen busily constructing a *digue*. That *digue* is an intruder, threatening the native simplicity of our rocks, and we jealously inquire as to its ultimate intentions. The answer is cruelly explicit, "to enable us to build a large harbour for the English boats to enter"—then follow a comforting admission: "but the sea breaks it down as fast as we build—the shareholders *n'ont pas de chance!*" No doubt we are sorry for the shareholders, with that vague pity which costs nothing, but towards the bounding, splashing sea we entertain a feeling of distinct gratitude. Thanks to its ruthless waves, we need no longer dread the sight of the Cockney shelling his shrimps and spending his "happy day" at Trouville.

Cheered by this assurance, we pursue our anti-Briton peregrinations, and clamber up the heights which this conquering hero fails to patronise. It is a hard pull under the scorching sun, but halfway up we find a trim enclosure, where we rest in the shadow of a large calm *Calvaire*, and gladden our souls with the sight of the broad blue waters at our feet. Pursuing our way, we picnic "up aloft," amid the delights of shady trees and soft grass, and proceed to hunt up a certain farmhouse, where we have been promised a drink of new milk. We light on it at last, and find ourselves wandering amid fruit-laden trees, while calm-eyed cows and saucy horses lift their heads to gaze at us. A Normandy orchard! Could anything be more delightfully rural, more perfectly French? Alas! there is no perfection here below, even in a Normandy orchard; and as we approach the long, low cottage our enthusiasm sensibly diminishes, for certain gaunt and hideous outlines, certain smells, not of the flower-garden, suggest the pleasing proximity of an *abattoir*. But there is nothing like turning your back on disagreeables, and giving the imagination full swing, so with studiously-averted gaze we slink round to the front. Bustling Madame Loison soon sets a table outside, and serves us with delicious milk, we meanwhile executing some more back-turning; this time addressed to a certain green pond whose "poetry of decay" would delight an æsthetic mind. Having discussed the milk, and admired the hens, running about in happy indifference to Fate as embodied by *chefs*, and sympathised with our hostess in the matters of a draughty house and an overplus of children, we find our way towards a field on the cliffs where, beneath shady pines, we lie and gaze at the fair sea-prospect, with Havre in the misty distance. Near at hand some large-eyed cows share our weakness for pine shade, and while we watch the sea they watch our more novel selves. Presently the bovine interest in us sensibly increases—they rise, they approach; their horns are highly developed; we are unprotected. Need I mention that our retreat to the adjoining field was somewhat undignified?

Down on the golden sands yonder the fun is fast and furious. The Oceanides are at play—not old-world nymphs in that simple attire which indicates the Chaos of ante-Worthian days, but modern sirens in the dainty tunics and flowing sashes, the natty belts, and lace flouncings, the saucy hats and sandalled shoon, and bracelets gleaming on snowy arms, which civilised decency requires. What more can be needed to conquer the weak hearts of the Mermen who wander about in almost as coquettish a costume. True that on the other side of that rope, not a stone's throw from us, there are male bathers in somewhat savage clothing, but a rope is, of course, a perfectly satisfactory barrier, and on this side of the charmed line mankind is bound to be clothed with feminine daintiness. They seem nothing loth, and as one after another saunters past, gazing with folded arms ere the final plunge, the notion dawns on our obtuse minds that masculine vanity is in full swing, and that admiration is earnestly demanded for those dapper close-fitting garments in which the human cock is mentally crowing! In the water many a comedy is being enacted. Deatrice and Benedick flout each other; Romeo and Juliet cling with encircling arms; Miranda, learning to swim, shrieks lest Ferdinand should let her sink; while cosy couples splash about, and papa dips the children. Here a Nereid trips and falls—was it quite accidentally?—and her attendant merman supports her tenderly to the shore; there a careful husband enwraps his rosy wife and escorts her to her cabin. We fall to musing on the truly forlorn condition of the unprotected, to whom, alas! a "valley de sham" is never allotted—a tender-hearted "valley" waiting to cloak your dripping person and express anxiety on the subject of chills!—but we are roused by a thrill of excitement and the sound of many tongues wagging, for in the water, escorted by a huge Triton, stands a lady on whom every *lorgnon* is instantly *braqué*. An evident votary of Venus, she has reverted from Worthian fripperies to well-nigh antique simplicity, and her singularly slight costume excites sarcastic comment among the virtuous matrons round us, who evince their disapproval by a simultaneous rush and a close inspection when "Venus" emerges from the water. The remark is audibly made that "the police will interfere," but as Mrs. Venus reappears next day in precisely the same attire, I conclude that she is some grand personage with whom police and decency dare not meddle.

The Plage is very bright and winsome with its crowds of gaily-dressed women, its picturesque *nourrices* in national costumes or flowing cloaks and streamers-adorned caps, and its bonnie bairns, with their peculiarly French precocity, and that exasperating daintiness of costume which makes our feminine hearts long piteously for a live doll to attire similarly. But across the little Toncques lies Deauville the Dull, which has been described to us as "*triste comme un bonnet de nuit*," and we are anxious to discover all that is implied in that expression; so we cross the bridge, and suddenly find ourselves in Sleepy Hollow-sur-Mer. The docks, with their scattered workmen, are slumbering and still—veritable phantom docks. The grass-grown streets are lined with fair gardens and quiet villas, whence never a living soul looks from the window. On the broad smooth parade a superfluous placard warns off carts and common vehicles—we, looking on the dreary vista, would welcome even a donkey-cart on the horizon. As we gaze, the imaginary night-cap tightens on our foreheads, and we suddenly picture all the Deauvilles lost in the land of dreams; a brougham, with a lady caller, drives up to a picturesque *châlet*, on whose blue-tiled front life-like foreign birds and Virginian creepers are painted, but the inhabitants are obviously asleep, for the brougham drives cheerlessly away; at the Casino we learn that a children's ball is supposed to be taking place—a phantom ball, for the sound of the fiddle is silent and no children are visible—they, too, are asleep! The large hotels with their closed shutters, the

few lifeless-looking shops all testify to the *bonnet-de-nuit* condition of our surroundings; and, crossing the ferry, we step with a sense of relief from Shadowland to Trouville realities.

Once a year, and for one short week, the races galvanise Deauville into life; then, having proved herself the temporary *raison d'être* of all surrounding gaieties, she sinks into lethargy once more. "*J'allons vous dire*," explains Chaleray, our sailor-landlord of early days, a jolly salt who, in his dates and knowledge of our respective ages, is as uncompromising as the Family Bible, but who atones for his appalling accuracy by stories illustrating our precocious intelligence: "*J'allons vous dire*, Deauville is unhealthy" (an assertion which immediately suggests neighbourly jealousy)—and she has lost which immediately suggests neighbourly jealousy)—and she has lost De Morny—but they deserve to suffer, *les ingrats!* Didn't he do everything for them, plan the town, drain it, make it, and now have they not thrown down his statue in the Grande Place? Chaleray has his own pet grievance against the times which "are not as they used to be." It appears to us that times never *are* what they used to be, and we dimly suspect Adam in Eden of mourning for the halcyon days ere his rib was taken from him. "Then you are not a Republican?" we ask in surprise. "*Faites excuse*," answers Chaleray with cynical frankness, "I'm for whatever pays best; I earned more and spent less under the Empire, so I swear by the Empire, *voilà tout!*" The argument strikes us as not altogether novel—under the Empire we used to hear it in another form. But the Vesper bells are ringing; so abandoning politics, as represented by personal interests, we rush off to watch the priests, resplendent in their white moire-antiques, the choristers flinging their incense balls with mathematical accuracy, and that exalted personage who stands before the altar, mace in hand, and stalks down the aisle in the glory of white silken calves, scabbard belt, and cocked hat. I refer to the beadle, before whom all hitherto-seen beads sink into insignificance. As this awful presence bears down upon me, preceding the collecting bag, I feel that no amount of doctrinal courage will save me from contributing my mite, and only on discovering a want of symmetry in the said silken calves do I realise that "a man's a man for a' that."

In the higher part of the town stands Notre Dame des Victoires, the mariners' church, with its picturesque traits of devotion: in front of the Lady Chapel hang small model ships, the thank-offerings of sailors saved in danger, while a large marble slab testifies to Trouville's gratitude to the Virgin for saving her from the Prussians "by means of the armistice." That the armistice should have been organised for the sole benefit of this small town strikes us as peculiar, but we can at least appreciate the spirit of gratitude which the slab evidences.

Time is up, however, and we must loiter no more, for over in Havre lies the *Swallow* ready to bear us to English shores.

A. R. R.



"BIRKET FOSTER'S PICTURES OF ENGLISH LANDSCAPE" (Routledge).—This is an India proof edition of a work which, if we remember rightly, created some excitement amongst people interested in Art matters, at the time of its first publication, for it was understood to be the last important piece of wood-drawing which the artist would execute. It was considered disappointing then; and it is disappointing now, in spite of a really sumptuous "get up." The truth is, the "India proofs" ought to have been published first, before the blocks had suffered from wear and tear of printing. No amount of fine paper, and careful manipulation by the printer, will disguise the blemishes of a worn block; and that these blocks are worn there can be little doubt. The shadows, almost without exception, are heavy, thick, impenetrable; they utterly lack the transparency and mystery which by right should belong to them. The actual engraving, however, affords many interesting points for consideration, and in some degree for praise. In the first place it is a splendid refutation of the idea so prevalent that the cuts in *Scribner* and *Harper* are finer than anything in strictly English publications. Some of the work is so fine, indeed, as to appear more like elaborate and delicate etching than wood-engraving; and in this respect far surpasses anything that we remember to have seen in the American magazines. Not, however, that mere fineness is to be desired. In this case the peculiarly elaborate method adopted by the Messrs. Dalziel has resulted in heaviness (particularly in the skies), dullness, and general want of light and air. This is really the fault of the method, not of the engravers, whose execution is remarkable and greatly to be praised. These faults, indeed, are characteristic of all styles in which mere minuteness of execution is the chief aim; we find them in these proofs, and we find them in the cuts in *Scribner*, though they are fine in quite another way; and the best engraver that ever lived, if hampered by the hard restrictions of a conventional manner, could never hope to attain the noblest and most artistic results. Nevertheless, these considerations apart, the book is a really handsome one, and possesses much that will both interest and please, for Birket Foster's drawings have elements of imperishable beauty and ever novel charm, which lose very little in the reproduction; and the descriptive verses by the late Tom Taylor, which accompany the proofs, are always appropriate, and occasionally striking.

It has been said, though with only seeming truth, that Landseer's dogs are almost too human. That, however, the inimitable painter of canine life and character did not exaggerate, may very easily be understood from "Old Oscar" (*Home Words Office*), by H. G. Reid, —the humble but impressive memorials of a noble collie, faithful, tender, and true. It is no doubt possible that many readers are familiar with some of the incidents of brave old Oscar's career, for they have been recorded in various magazines from time to time. But this in no way detracts from the interest of this graceful little volume, which, moreover, is illustrated by sketches by Landseer himself, and Wilkie, and Harrison Weir. The simple story has an idyllic, even sacred charm, that must touch all hearts; whilst for children no book, perhaps, could be more appropriate.

Messrs. Lechertier, Barbe, and Co., send us an interesting and useful little pamphlet, "Limoges Enamels," a translation, by G. A. Bouvier, of a work by M. L. Delpayrat, the enamel painter, embodying in a series of practical lessons the processes of the early Limoges workers in this delightful art. The subject is not, perhaps, so much studied as it might be and indeed deserves; and this little brochure may attract the attention of others besides the craftsmen to whom it directly appeals.—"The Emerson Birthdays Book" (S. Low and Co.) is one of the better examples of its class. Its exterior is neat and unpretentious, and its interior contains a good, if not exhaustive, selection of the rare and choice thoughts which so distinguish the great author whose works have been laid under contribution. The book, moreover, is illustrated with some simple woodcuts of a rather old-fashioned, but none the less artistic style; one or two of which are very excellent.—"Patriots in Arms" (Whittaker and Co.), is perhaps more curious than valuable. It is a collection of addresses and sermons by celebrated preachers "of the last century"—including Sydney Smith, Dr. Valpy, and Rowland Hill—"in praise of the Volunteer movement." The author, Mr. Thomas Preston, is an ex-lieutenant of Rifle Volunteers; and, to judge from his opening remarks, seems to have a high opinion of the value and interest of his production. Perhaps we are unappreciative, but we

fancy it was hardly worth while reprinting matter which probably not one man in a thousand will read.—Popular handbooks of the law are not as a rule very commendable. The simple being who puts his trust in them generally ends by rushing in despair to the nearest solicitor, or, if, faithful to the last, he dispenses with professional help, he may even find himself "in the wrong box." Everybody, however, likes to know something about the law on various matters of daily interest or troublesomeness, such as adulteration, bakehouses, slaughter-houses, gas-works, false quantities, stolen horses, licenses, *et id genus omne*, and therefore Messrs. Ward and Lock's "Handbook" is acceptable. It is very clearly arranged, and succinctly written, and—greatest boon of all, perhaps—is furnished with a copious index.—Messrs. Longmans and Co. have issued a new and cheaper edition of Lady Brassey's very delightful chronicle of cruises in the Mediterranean,—to Cyprus and Constantinople. "Sunshine and Storm in the East" is likely to be always a popular book, and this new edition will, we are sure, be welcomed by many.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

It is not easy to speak with patience of such a volume as "Moods" (Glasgow: James Maclehose). Young men who try to imitate "In Memoriam" must be warned that something more is wanted for success in the attempt than a vague recollection of the form of metre. And, if the anonymous author has really "had enough of books," why on earth did he increase the store by one so exceptionally worthless? He seems to have been unkindly treated in the past by some critic whom he apostrophises at page 28, but our sympathies must go with the man compelled by honesty to wade through his work, if it was of such a calibre as this:—

The books from Mudie's—who can tell?—
May by some sick man have been held;
The cab I take, by shower compelled,
May have conveyed some one unwell.

Which last comment gives one an unpleasant notion of the condition of said cab. The author's attempts to imitate "When daisies pied" are feeble to a degree; what has become of a certain Mr. F. S. Day, who in a drama, called "Queen Elizabeth," once wrote the most marvellous Shakespearean song of modern times, on the north wind? The present volume mentions that "True poetry comes, we know not whence;"—it is certainly not from this author.

"Poems: Domestic and Miscellaneous," by James Giles (W. B. Whittingham), may be briefly dismissed, with the comment that the lines show careful workmanship, and are those of a reverent writer with no special poetical aptitude. They maintain a certain level of worth, and neither rise to excellence nor sink to extreme badness.

"If to get 'Satan Bound' (Bemrose, London and Derby) involves the writing and reading of more lyrical dramas like this, better let him be as he is," was the verdict of an omnivorous reader who could not stomach such verses as:—

I tell thee, Death, thou shalt
Wax fat.—"How, how?"—
How? 'lost thou ask me how?—
"Yes, how?"—Thus! Thou shalt eat thy father.

Mr. Boulding has been reading Victor Hugo's "*Légende des Siècles*," and thinks that he, too, being a poet, has a like right to make "fiends, voices, spirits," and such like *dramatis personæ* use strong language. We hope he won't do it again, for anything more purposeless than his drama we cannot imagine; unless, indeed, he meant to show that in finding quaint rhymes—"plant tents" and "enchancements;" "churlish" and "pearl wish"—he was far superior to the great Frenchman. We fear the charitable Scot prayed in vain that God would have mercy on "His purr auld servant the Deil." Death enters into Satan, and "Death and the Devil are henceforth the same," and the twynature vanishes, "carried away by the blast of God"—only, alas! to reappear in the next act, and make long speeches and become the occasion of still longer speeches from others, as well as of wild choruses from indignant and emancipated demons.

The most that can be said for "Milicent: a Poem," by E. Fairfax Byrne (C. Kegan Paul), is that it is written in fairly smooth blank verse, although the ear is occasionally vexed by such a line as "And render it up to my family," which can on no account be admitted. The story possesses too little interest for a work of such length; the heroine gives up a dream of love for the sake of a rival, whom she afterwards suspects most gratuitously of having stolen the will which secured her fortune to Clement Dorme, the object of their joint affections; the plain fact being that it had been hidden by the half-crazy old testator, to whom the young man was illegitimate son. When the missing document turns up, Clement proposes to Milicent, and on being refused by her comforts himself with the maligned Viola. Mr. Byrne's incidental lyrics are better than the rest of his work, indeed, some of them are pretty. It occurs to one that either the tourists must have been reckless in their expenditure, or cream must have been unusually cheap during their stay at the Riviera, since they were accustomed to take it in by the *cash*.

There will naturally be some curiosity as to "A Pageant and Other Poems," by Christina G. Rossetti (Macmillan), because of the book's author, but on the whole it is rather disappointing. The work is that of a Christian gentlewoman, and in some degree of an artist, but there are few pieces which decidedly arrest attention. The "Pageant," a Masque of the Months, is the least worthy piece in the book, and one cannot stand the idea of October with a dahlia "in his buttonhole," like the modern 'Arry. The sonnets at pages 50 and 148 are admirable; very good are "One Foot on Sea" and "A Prodigal Son," whilst "It is Finished," is almost worthy of George Herbert. These redeem the volume from nothingness.

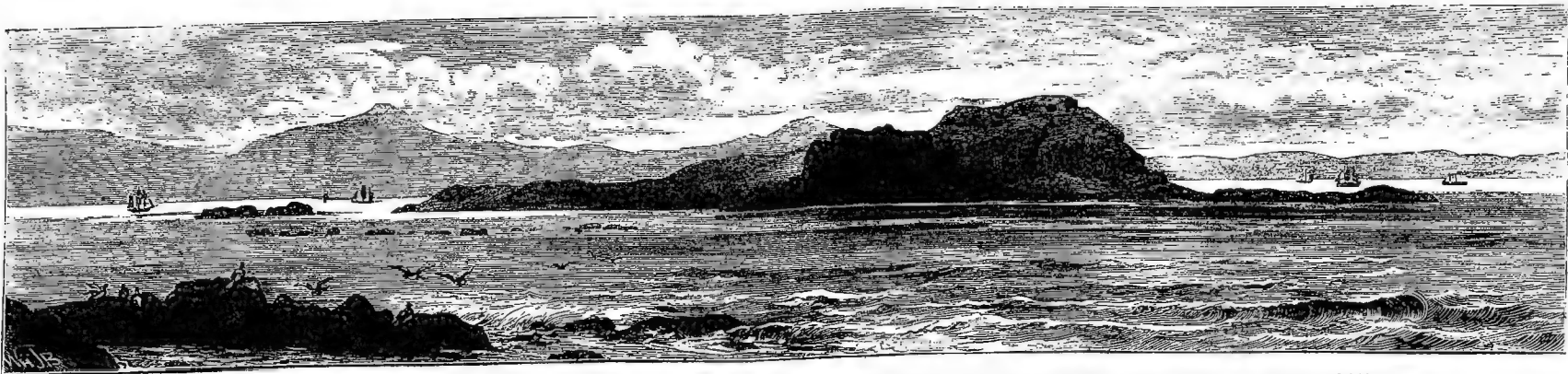
A very pleasant and pretty volume of verse is "Songs in the South," by Rennell Rodd (David Bogue). It is really a question whether the author is not a new poet, although his volume is produced in such a dilettante style. In "By the South Sea," there is an admirable stanza, seemingly addressed to the Materialists:—

But now ye are bidding your God God-speed,
With His love upon dusty shelves;
So wise ye have grown, ye have found no need
For any God but yourselves.

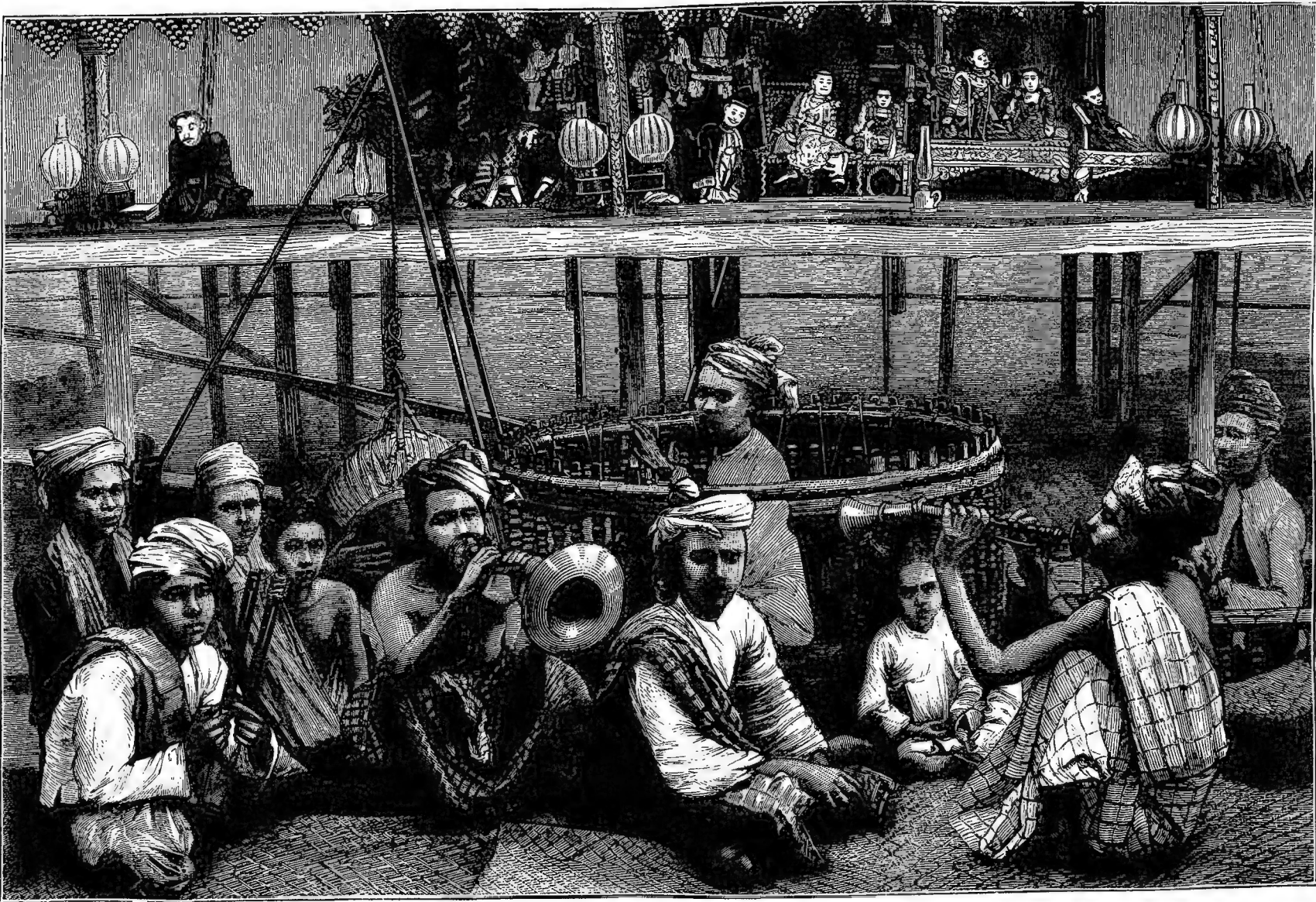
Did space permit we should like to quote also from "At Tiber Mouth." Throughout there is pure melody, wedded to wholesome thought, and it may be hoped that Mr. Rodd will persevere and do good work.

If we are to take the work under immediate notice as the finest outcome of Russian poetic art, there is not much to be said for Muscovite poetry. "Eugene Onéguine: a Romance of Russian Life," in verse, by Alexander Pushkin, translated from the Russian by Lieutenant-Colonel Spalding (Macmillan), is an intensely stupid story, obviously a futile attempt to imitate "Don Juan." The translator must be held responsible for the baldness of the octosyllabics, as well as for the astoundingly bad grammar of certain passages, and the singular attempts at rhyme which constantly vex the ear.

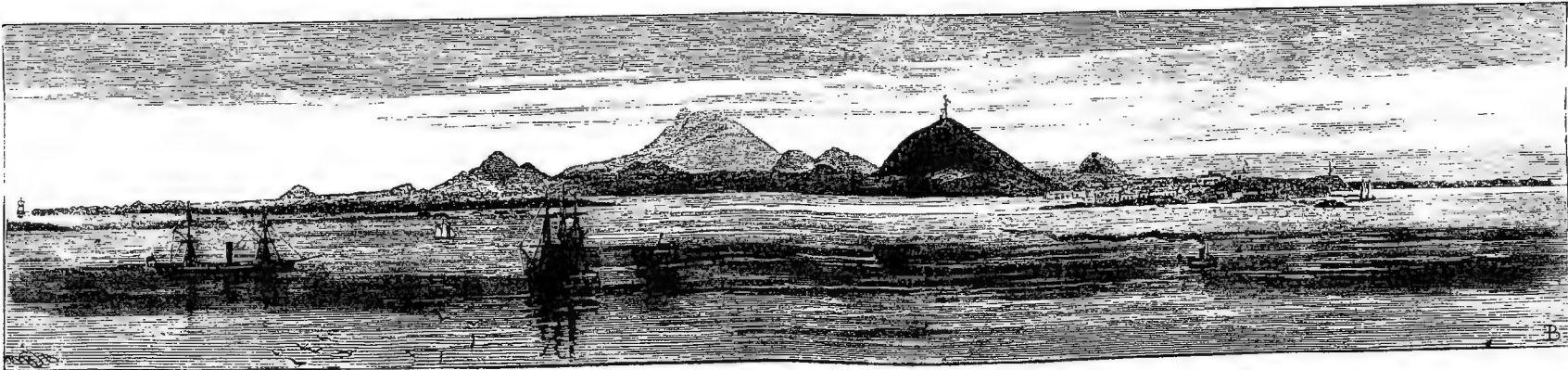
THE FAMOUS EGYPTIAN "DOSÉH," that well-known Mahomedan ceremony, in which a Sheikh rides over the prostrate bodies of innumerable fanatic devotees, has been prohibited by the chief of the Egyptian Dervishes, who has issued a decree ordaining sweeping reforms. Mahomedans are also forbidden to eat fire, glass, or serpents or to slash themselves with swords or knives according to the traditional practice during the month of Moharrem, and numerous alterations have been made to restore the pristine simplicity of the faith.



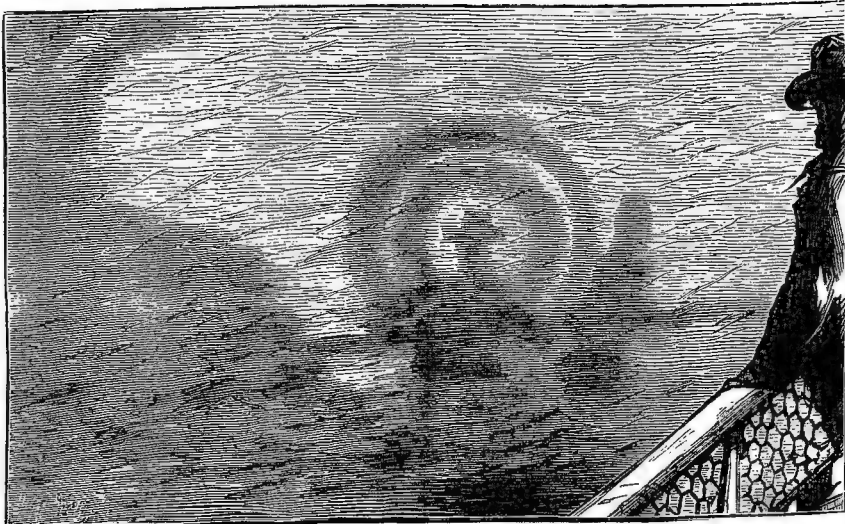
FIDRA POINT, IN THE FIRTH OF FORTH—THE PROPOSED SITE FOR A NEW LIGHTHOUSE



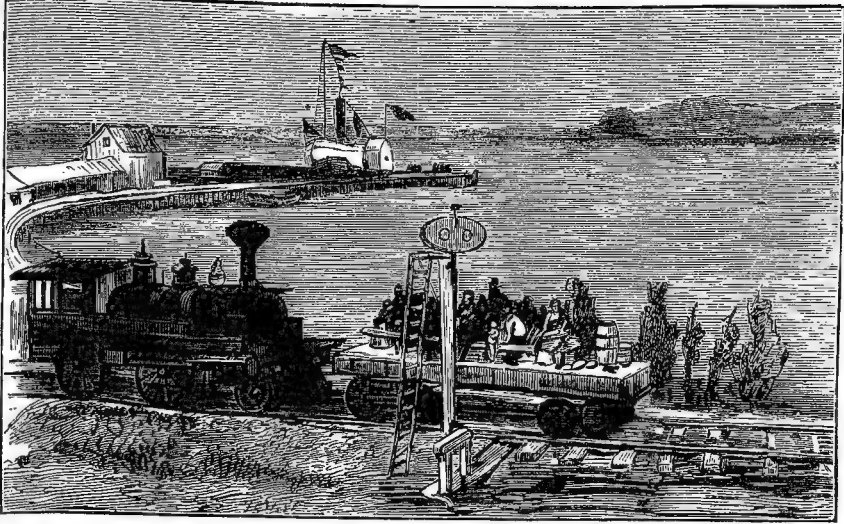
LIFE IN BRITISH BURMAH—A NATIVE PUPPET-SHOW



THE ISLAND OF ASCENSION



A SUN HALO—MIRAGE ON LAKE SUPERIOR

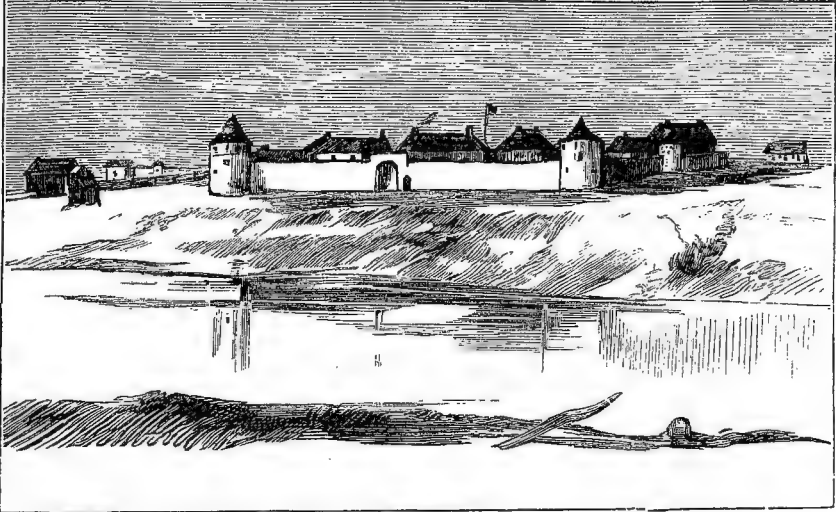


PRINCE ARTHUR'S LANDING, JULY 25

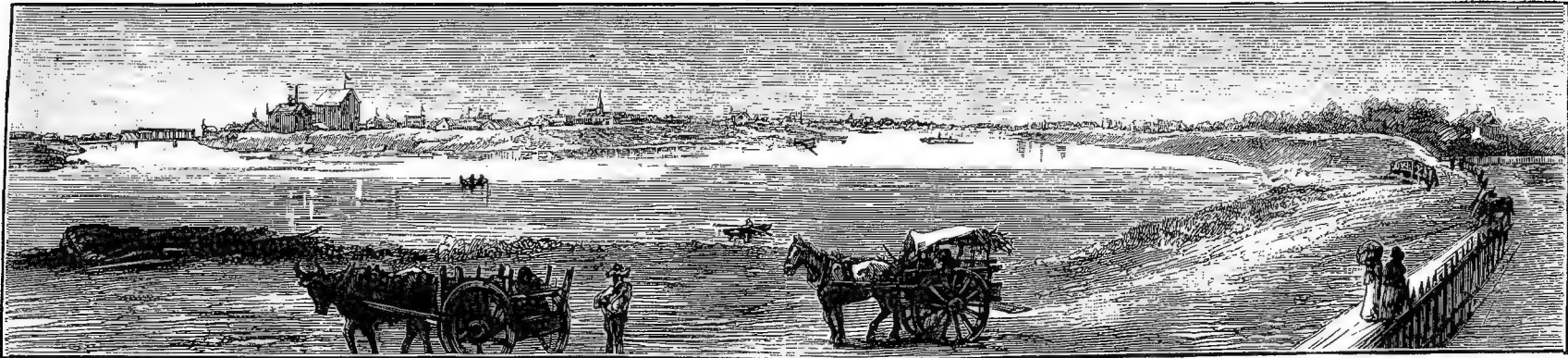


NAUGUABO
The Chief who Spoke at Little Current, July 23

THE HON. MR. NORQUAY
Premier of Manitoba



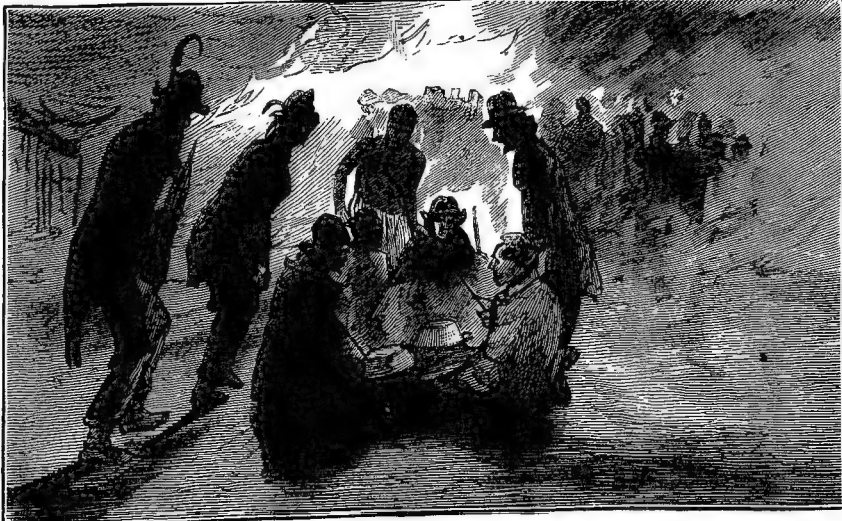
OLD FORT GARRY, WINNIPEG (BEFORE THE WALLS WERE TAKEN DOWN)



WINNIPEG, SHOWING THE JUNCTION OF THE ASSINIBOINE AND RED RIVERS



INSIDE THE BARGE ON EAGLE LAKE—"GENTLEMEN WHO HAVE THE FLOOR"



AN INDIAN WAR-DANCE

TO THE GREAT NORTH-WEST WITH THE MARQUIS OF LORNE—V.
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL



FRANCE.—M. Gambetta's Norman tour has been the event of the week, and the hopes that he would then in some degree foreshadow his future plans have not been altogether disappointed. Cool and moderate in tone throughout, his various speeches plainly show that M. Gambetta has entirely yielded to the recent current of events which has forced him from the Radical into the Moderate party. Only a year ago, in the same province, his violent declarations aroused general excitement, and sorely embittered Germany; now he strongly advocates a conciliatory spirit, deprecates sweeping reforms at the expense of safe and gradual progress, and warns the nation to avoid giving absolute power into the hands of one man, but rather to place it in the keeping of the people, and of universal suffrage. It was owing to this error of a dictatorship, he reminded his hearers on the anniversary of the establishment of the Republic, that France fell in 1870, and she now needs a practical, not a Utopian Republic. *Scrutin de liste* is to be temporarily shelved, at least till the new Chamber has fulfilled its term, or some Constitutional change occurs, while not a word has been said respecting the revision of the Senate. The Mayor of Evreux tried to bring M. Gambetta to book on the question of the Premiership, but the "Grand Citoyen"—as the Normans call him—neatly evaded compromising himself by remarking that he would not then discuss politics, having spoken freely on the subject the previous evening. Altogether the visit has been an unqualified success, and the Normans, though not so enthusiastic as their Southern brethren, have warmly welcomed their visitors. M. Gambetta was accompanied by the Ministers of Commerce and Justice, and the party first stopped at Neubourg to unveil a statue of Dupont de l'Eure, the President of the Provisional Government in 1848. After a brief visit to Evreux they went on to Honfleur to open the new dock—a work of great advantage to the important trade of the town. Naturally the Ministers were put in the shade by their brilliant companion, but M. Tirard made an important speech at Honfleur on French trade, expressing his firm conviction that the negotiations respecting the treaties of commerce would be successful. This declaration is construed as referring especially to the Anglo-French Treaty, and has aroused great hopes of a satisfactory arrangement, more particularly as a semi-official note, remarking that Sir C. Dilke has interviewed the Minister, states that there is every prospect of a renewal of the negotiations, which, indeed, are said "by many influential voices never to have been broken off, but merely suspended." M. Tirard's speech was followed up in the evening by a definite free-trade declaration from M. Gambetta, which has given great satisfaction. As had been expected, the supplementary elections on Sunday proved entirely favourable to the Republicans, and the Irreconcilables were particularly successful, M. Kévilion winning easily at Belleville. Not one single Reactionary now represents Paris, but there is considerable annoyance that the open supporters and friends of M. Gambetta have fared no better at the second ballots than at the first elections. Otherwise the Republicans have every reason to be satisfied. They have gained 54 fresh seats, while the Reactionaries are absolutely routed. Without counting the ten Colonial Deputies who are not yet known, the new Chamber will consist of 459 Republicans, 47 Bonapartists, and 41 Monarchists.

The Government has at last openly acknowledged the necessity of strong measures in North Africa, and troops are being despatched in considerable numbers, so that it is reckoned that one-sixth of the peace army is already gathered in Tunis and Algeria. For the present the French troops are obliged to remain in somewhat scattered bodies, the Arabs hovering round and blocking their communications. General Corréard's column at Hammali, where the recent important engagement occurred, cannot effect a junction with the force at Hammamet, which is much harassed by the enemy, while the Zaghwan detachment is equally stationary. Great alarm prevails in the towns, particularly at Goletta and Tunis, and, although French gunboats are being sent for the protection of the troops and colonists, the attitude of the native population gives serious ground for anxiety. Nor can the Bey apparently do any good, for a native deputation openly confessed to him that they were forced to take up arms, and he has since ordered his troops to abandon the advance on Kairwan, and to move on Kef instead. M. Roustan, who is now in Paris, professes that the danger of the situation has been much exaggerated, but he nevertheless advises that the city of Tunis should be occupied, and the French forces increased to 120,000 men. In ALGERIA there is a temporary lull, but there is some talk of France entering Morocco in order to pursue the rebel Algerians, who take refuge over the frontier.

PARIS has been saddened by a disastrous railway accident at Charenton, where by some mistake in the signals the Marseilles express ran into a slow local train. Nineteen people were killed, and twenty-five others injured more or less seriously, two Siamese Princes in the train happily escaping, and the Morgue has been crowded with people anxious to identify the deceased. Three persons also lost their lives at a fire on Sunday night in an outfitting establishment in the Rue Port Mahon. The interest in the Electrical Exhibition greatly increases, and the daily lectures are crowded. The theatres are chiefly playing revivals, the most notable being Offenbach's *Bracomiers* at the Cluny.

GERMANY.—The German and Russian Emperors were to meet yesterday (Friday) near Dantzic, and the sudden announcement of the interview has aroused more than the ordinary amount of speculation usual respecting Imperial meetings. The anti-German tendencies of Alexander III. before his accession have not been forgotten, although of late the Czar has shown a strong inclination to maintain the relations formerly existing between his father and Emperor William, while he is said to have proposed a similar interview earlier in the year. Now, however, that the German Emperor is close to the frontier in readiness for the cavalry manoeuvres at Könitz, a fitting opportunity is offered; and, according to the latest accounts, the Czar and Emperor will meet on board the latter's yacht, probably at Neufahrwasser, in company with the Kings of Denmark and Roumania, Prince Bismarck, and other important personages. Up to the last moment all arrangements have been studiously kept secret, but the extreme precautions taken for the safety of the Czar wherever he goes have not been omitted. Both German and Russian ironclads were to surround the Imperial yacht, a strong force of military and police being kept on guard on shore. While regarded with general favour by the Germans, the coming meeting has aroused somewhat disagreeable feelings in Austria.

Emperor William has spent this week superintending the manoeuvres at Hanover, which, notwithstanding the bad weather, were highly successful, the troops being in fine condition. It is curious to note the warm reception given to the Emperor by the Hanoverians, the majority of whom seem to have forgotten their former wrongs. Nevertheless the Guelph party have issued an electoral manifesto pleading for the restoration of the ancient monarchy of Hanover, and calling upon the nation to resist the "Prussianising" of Germany, and their appeal has aroused much sympathy in Alsace-Lorraine, where, by the by, Socialist workmen are endeavouring to spread their opinions. All parties are now busy preparing for the elections of the 27th prox., and the Conservatives are particularly active. They ingeniously turned to

account the anniversary of Sedan—which was celebrated with the usual rejoicings throughout the country—by a series of free public theatrical performances, concerts, &c., for the benefit of their electors; while they continue to stir up strife against the Jews. Accordingly fresh anti-Semitic riots occurred at Stolp, in Pomerania, last Sunday, the mob being only dispersed by the troops.—There is little new respecting the Clerical question, which will be one of the first subjects discussed in the new Diet. Some prospect exists, however, of the other vacant Episcopal Sees being filled up, and the probable success of the negotiations with the Vatican is energetically canvassed by the Ultramontanes and their opponents.

AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—The Financial Commission has held several sittings, and the results are stated to be fairly satisfactory, but little has transpired respecting the proceedings. The Turkish Commissioners have presented a statement of the revenue and expenditure of the Empire and an estimate of the public debt, which leaves the Porte responsible for 87 millions of Turkish pounds, after Greece, Bulgaria, and the other States have taken over ten millions. In the estimate of the revenue the Porte includes the Cyprus tribute, but Lord Dufferin has declared that England will not give it up to Turkish creditors, and objects altogether to the revenue of the island being brought into the present arrangement. BULGARIA also pleads that her proposed tribute would simply ruin the country, so that Turkey's plans do not seem very feasible. The Delegates are now conferring with the Galata bankers. Armenian prospects look better, for the Ambassadors are preparing an elaborate scheme, and the Porte seems more inclined to discuss the matter. The Armenian Patriarch has submitted a programme to Lord Dufferin, proposing the establishment of Nubar Pasha as Governor-General of the Armenian provinces, the subordinate authorities in the administration to be Mussulmans or Christians, according to the belief of the majority of the population in the different districts. Lord Dufferin objects to Nubar's appointment in consideration of the great Mussulman majority, but the Patriarch points to the successful result of a similar arrangement in the Lebanon.—Turkey's attempt to abolish the foreign post-offices throughout the empire is still strenuously opposed by Austria, but Russia has agreed to the arrangement.—Matters in Egypt continue to excite especial interest, and Mr. Malet has been to Constantinople to consult with the British Ambassador on the subject of Turkish intervention, while the Porte is considering a plan for granting land in Syria to Jews desirous to emigrate from Russia and Germany.

RUSSIA.—After a temporary lull in the summer dead season, the Nihilists are preparing for winter operations, and a fresh number of the famous *Will of the People* has mysteriously appeared in St. Petersburg, another being promised shortly. It contains the usual diatribes against the Government, and the Czar in particular, who, however, meets with more scorn than violent abuse, being called another example of "a small mind in a large body." The journal expresses its complete satisfaction with the progress of the revolutionary movement, and for the first time gives the real name—Grenevitsky—of the man who threw the fatal bomb at the late Czar, and who perished in the attempt, while a long list of subscriptions shows that the party do not want for funds.—On their side, the Russian Government are busy with administrative changes. Count Adlerberg, the intimate friend of the late Czar, who has been Minister of the Palace for fifteen years, has retired, while the Prefect of St. Petersburg has been dismissed, and sent to rule at Archangel, it being proposed to abolish the Prefect's office and to revert to the old plan of a Governor-General of the city, with a simple Police Master as second in command.—The Kuldja territory will be formally handed over in November, the Marquis Tseng remaining at St. Petersburg until the surrender is complete. Great care will be taken to choose competent Russian Consuls for the ceded district, and the officials will be selected for their purely commercial knowledge.

INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.—Ayoub Khan seems to have completely abandoned all idea of a forward march, and is concentrating his energies on preparing a safe and lucrative retreat at his old stronghold, Herat. Having busily collected all the Candahar revenue he has sent off a lac of rupees, while at the same time he professes his intention to wage a "holy war," and invites his subjects to join him against the English. Taught a lesson by his troubles with the Cabuli troops, Ayoub evidently does not feel strong enough to meet the Ameer in the open field, so although maintaining his advance cavalry at Khel-i-Akhund—a post some thirty-five miles in front—he keeps the bulk of his army safe under the walls of Candahar. He has sent peace proposals to his rival, but Abdurrahman, while considering Ayoub's propositions, pushes steadily on, winning popularity on his way by his judicious generosity to the local tribes. He has now reached Khelat, sending on his out-posts to Jaldak, seventy-one miles from Candahar, and an engagement is shortly expected. At present Abdurrahman has everything in his favour. Ayoub's rapacity and supineness have effectually turned the tide against him, while the reports of the Ameer's generosity and the good condition of his troops have produced a due effect even in Candahar itself.

INDIA now possesses a population of 252,541,210 souls, according to the late census, the increase within the last ten years amounting to 12,788,565. This increase is far more marked in the provinces under direct British administration than in the native feudatory States, while it is greatest in Burmah and the Central Provinces. Mysore and Madras are the only provinces showing a decrease. The Mysore crops, by-the-by, about which so much anxiety has been felt, have been much improved by the rain, and harvest prospects in general are more satisfactory.

UNITED STATES.—President Garfield has been removed to Long Branch, and hitherto the change has been decidedly for the better. The danger of the malaria from the Potomac flats adjoining the White House was considered to outweigh the risks of so long a journey for an enfeebled patient, and accordingly early on Tuesday the President started off, and reached his destination in seven hours' time, being little the worse for his 240 miles' trip. Indeed, he declared it had been the most pleasant day he had spent since he had been shot. Every precaution was taken to ensure quiet and comfort. Traffic was stopped along the whole route, bells and whistles were silenced, and a special railway line was laid to within a short distance of the President's door at either end. Taken from the White House in a special waggon, President Garfield was placed in a car fitted with heavy curtains and draperies to exclude noise and draughts, heavy weights being fixed to the floor to prevent oscillation. The President's room overlooks the sea, and the refreshing breezes are a welcome change from the close atmosphere of Washington, which has been most oppressive within the last week. Special days of prayer for the President's recovery have been fixed by the Governors of several States, and the Cabinet are once more considering the advisability of temporarily placing Vice-President Arthur at the head of affairs. The Constitution, however, provides for the assumption of power by the Vice-President, but makes no mention of his subsequently resigning it, so that the Cabinet are anxious to delay action as long as possible, although the interruption to public business, which has now lasted over two months, causes serious inconvenience.—The Apache Indians, who have been growing troublesome for some time past in New Mexico, have had a serious encounter with the Regulars near Fort Apache. At first it was reported that the entire white garrison had been massacred; but it now appears that the Indians attacked the camp, and were defeated with heavy loss, the American troops having one officer and ten men killed. As, however, the Indians in the neighbourhood threaten a general rising, strong reinforcements have been sent to the spot.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Serious floods have occurred in SWITZERLAND owing to the late rains. In some parts the railways have been under water, while the Aar at Berne has been higher than at any time since 1846, and the Rhine at Basel rose twenty feet. Snow fell heavily at St. Gothard last week, interrupting the Italian mail for two days.—In ITALY, Mount Vesuvius is again in eruption, and the King is attending the autumn manoeuvres; while similar military movements are in progress in AUSTRIA and in BELGIUM.—The religious excitement aroused by the "false prophet" in EGYPT proves to be very serious, and the fanatics have repulsed the troops sent to quell the disturbance. The chief Egyptian officers have issued a declaration protesting against the reports of disaffection in the army, and declaring that all discontent has subsided.



THE Queen and Princess Beatrice have been joined in the Highlands by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, who arrived at Balmoral on Saturday from a brief visit to Wemyss Castle, Fifeshire. In the afternoon Her Majesty with the Princess and the Duchess drove along the South Deeside Road to Braemar, returning home without stopping at the village as usual. Next morning Divine Service was performed at the Castle before the Queen, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and Princess Beatrice, the Rev. A. Campbell officiating, and in the evening Lord Carlingford, who is now Minister in attendance on Her Majesty, joined the Royal party at dinner. The weather being tolerably fair at Balmoral, the Queen takes daily long drives with the Princesses, and has visited the Glen Gelder Shiel, while on Tuesday Her Majesty drove to Hopewell, to call on Dr. Robertson, her late Commissary at Deeside.

The Prince and Princess of Wales with their three daughters arrived in town at the end of last week, after a stay of over five weeks in the Isle of Wight. On Saturday the Prince and Princess visited the Duchess of Cambridge, and in the evening went to Drury Lane Theatre, while on Sunday, after attending Divine Service in the morning, they, with their daughters, spent the afternoon with the Duke and Duchess of Teck at the White Lodge, Richmond Park. Next day the Prince called on the King of the Sandwich Islands, and in the evening accompanied the Princess to the Adelphi Theatre. On Tuesday he visited the scene of the late fire in Cheapside, and went with the Princess to the Olympic in the evening. On Wednesday night the Prince and Princess with their daughters left London for Liverpool, where they stayed with the Earl and Countess of Sefton, at Croxteth Hall, the young Princesses, however, going to Lord and Lady Derby's residence at Knowsley, as Lord and Lady Sefton's children have been ill with measles. A number of guests were invited to meet the Prince and Princess, and Liverpool itself was gay with flags, triumphal arches, and varied decorations in readiness for the Royal visit on Thursday, when the Prince and Princess drove through the town in State to open the New North Docks. The Royal party proceeded in a steam-tender to the new docks, and, after declaring them open, lunched in one of the sheds. On their way back they received an address at the Town Hall, where they witnessed a march past of the local volunteers, and were subsequently greeted at St. George's Hall by "God Bless the Prince of Wales," sung by the school-children. The Prince and Princess were to leave in the evening for Abergeldie, and will remain in Scotland until early in October.

The Crown Princess of Germany and her family have left England after a two months' visit. They started on Monday in the *Victoria and Albert* for Havre, where the Crown Princess landed, while the Queen's yacht subsequently took the Royal children on to Flushing.—The Duke of Connaught on Saturday inspected the Volunteers who have been training for a month with the regular troops at Aldershot, and made them a farewell complimentary speech, while on Tuesday he acted as umpire during some minor field operations on the Fox Hills, and in the evening went with the Duchess to the Opera Comique. On Wednesday night the Duke and Duchess left for Scotland. When the Duke leaves Aldershot he will take command of a brigade in the United Kingdom, but he is anxious to remain in his present position for another year.—Prince Leopold returned to London on Tuesday after a lengthened stay in Germany.—Prince and Princess Christian's two daughters are at St. Leonard's during their parents' absence in Scotland.

The King of the Sandwich Islands returns home about the middle of October, and has now gone to Glasgow. He remained part of this week in London, visiting the Arsenal, the Tower of London, and St. Paul's, and inspecting Mr. Nordenfeldt's Blenheim Gun and Small Arms Works.—Carlsruhe is busily preparing for the coming double festivities of the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden's Silver Wedding and the marriage of their daughter, Princess Victoria, with the Crown Prince of Sweden on September 20th. The Emperor and Empress of Germany and the King of Sweden are expected a short time before, and the civil and religious marriage ceremonies will take place on the same day, simultaneously with the Jubilee Service for the Duke and Duchess. A Court will be held subsequently, and next day the Royal party will attend a special *Te Deum*, while family and State dinners, gala operatic performances, Court and town balls, and divers other *fêtes* will occupy the remainder of the time until the Crown Prince takes his bride home to Stockholm under the escort of a Swedish squadron. The Princess's wedding veil is particularly beautiful. It is six yards long, is entirely handmade, and is worked with a design of oranges and myrtles surrounded by wreaths of flowers, while the Swedish and Baden arms ornament each end. The same combined coats of arms appear on the accompanying fan and handkerchief.—The Shah of Persia will come to Europe again early next year.



RELIGION AND WAR.—The Rev. Dr. Gott, Vicar of Leeds, preaching recently to some Volunteers at Pontefract, is reported to have said he did not think that "war was by any means an evil. On the contrary, he thought it had done, and might do, a great deal of good in the world. War was one of the means by which God continually fulfils His promises." The Peace Society's organ, the *Herald of Peace*, commenting on this sermon, asks whether the Vicar does not mean that Divine threats rather than promises are accomplished by war; and quotes the Duke of Wellington's sayings, "that nothing is worse than a victory, except a defeat," and that "men who have nice notions about religion have no business to be soldiers." The Bishop of Oxford, having seen this criticism, has written to the Peace Society, saying that he earnestly joins in the protest, believing war to be one of the greatest evils under which mankind has suffered, and that if the principles of Christianity had prevailed it would long since have ceased.

"NATIONAL SIN."—A somewhat lengthy and important correspondence on this subject has just been published. It was

begun by a Mr. Wilson Horn, who wrote to Bishop Tufnell, Vicar of Croydon, asking whether there was such a thing as public sin, and whether the Divine command, "Thou shalt not remove thy neighbour's landmark," was applicable to nations as to individuals. The Vicar curtly replied that his time was so fully occupied that he had not sufficiently followed the subject to give an opinion. Mr. Horn then addressed himself to the Archbishop of Canterbury, asking him to "reply categorically" to the questions which Bishop Tufnell had not answered. The Primate, through his private secretary, replied that parts of his letter were not sufficiently precise to enable him to give a definite answer, but that His Grace quite agreed with him in the opinion that "all wars undertaken for the lust of territory, . . . or for the promulgation of any particular mode of worship, are unlawful." To this Mr. Horn sent a rejoinder, repeating his questions in another form, and the final response of the Primate was that in his opinion "the removal of a neighbouring country's landmark without just cause or adequate compensation is national sin."

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE IRISH CHURCH.—A gentleman at Plymouth having unearthed a report of one of Mr. Gladstone's speeches delivered in 1835, in which he said that "there were abundant reasons for maintaining the Church of Ireland, and, if it should be removed, he believed they would not be able long to resist the repeal of the Union," has written to the Premier asking whether it is correctly attributed to him. Mr. Gladstone has replied that "he has no recollection of expressing the opinion, but it is quite possible that he did express it. It was a traditional and fixed opinion among those who were at the time his leaders in politics."

THE REV. W. J. KNOX-LITTLE has been appointed Canon of Worcester, in the room of Dr. Bradley, the new Dean of Westminster. Mr. Little is a well-known member of the High Church party, and a very popular preacher. "A Lancashire Rector," writing to an evening contemporary, says:—"One Manchester Ritualist made a prisoner, another Manchester Ritualist made a canon! I rejoice, and so will many others, at this recognition of Mr. Knox-Little's services to the Church. But how, with any kind of consistency, Mr. Green can now be allowed to remain where he is I entirely fail to see."

THE METHODIST ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE, which on Sunday last was made the subject of special prayer at all the Methodist chapels in the metropolis, began its business meetings at the City Road Chapel on Wednesday, many of the delegates having on the previous day breakfasted with the Committee of the Religious Tract Society at Exeter Hall. The proceedings of the Conference began in the morning with a religious service, and the Rev. Bishop Matthew Simpson, of Philadelphia, preached from John vi. 63. He compared human products with Divine, which alone possess life; and the writings of the wisest men with the sayings of Christ, whose acts were more than for the healing of the body, being typical of His power over spiritual disease and death. He traced the history of Wesleyanism from the earliest phase, and remarked that its progress, of which the present Conference was itself a proof, was not due to the sword or to State favour. It had not grown by the possession of landed estates or large wealth, nor by schools of learning, nor by the aid of the Press, nor because the times were propitious for its spread, nor by emigration. Its success could only be accounted for by Divine power, by the fact that Methodism was instinct with Divine spirit and life. It had its divisions; but the variations were small compared with the points of agreement. Thank God it had never been divided upon doctrine. In the afternoon the Rev. Dr. Osborn, President of the English Wesleyan Conference, took the chair, and delivered an address of welcome, which was responded to by several of the foreign delegates. A resolution expressing sympathy with Mr. and Mrs. Garfield, and the hope and prayer of the Conference for the President's recovery was passed, and immediately telegraphed to America. In the evening the delegates were received at the Mansion House by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, who are themselves members of the Wesleyan community. The list of subjects for discussion is very large.

THE BEACONSFIELD MEMORIAL WINDOW erected in Hughenden Church by the late Earl's executors was dedicated last Sunday, when the Rev. G. Congreve preached both morning and evening.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CEREMONY, combining the marriage and burial services in one, is reported to have been performed in Portsmouth Cemetery by the Rev. T. D. Pratt and other clergymen over the remains of a young lady who had died suddenly whilst preparations were being made for her wedding. The bridal wreath was laid upon the coffin, and the friends of the deceased attended in their wedding costume. We presume that the bridegroom was present, but no mention of him appears in the report.

BURIAL FEES.—A dispute having arisen between the Town Council of Oldham and the local clergy as to whether the latter were entitled to receive the burial fees of persons interred by Nonconformist ministers in the consecrated portions of the cemeteries, Counsel's opinion has been taken on the subject. It is that the clergy are entitled to receive such fees, but that they are not entitled to the fees for burials by Nonconformists in the unconsecrated portions of the cemeteries, or to the fees for the interment of non-parishioners in consecrated ground.

A PREACHERS' INSTITUTE, in connection with the General Baptist Churches in London, is about to be established under the Presidency of the Rev. John Clifford, M.A. The object is to train young men for the lay ministry and for the pastorate; and the first course of lectures, which have been undertaken by the President and the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, will be delivered in the Westbourne Park Lecture Hall, commencing in October.

THE SALVATION ARMY has just held its anniversary meeting at Bristol. It is stated that its "officers" now number 470, and its stations 253.



WORCESTER FESTIVAL.—The 158th meeting of the Choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, brought to an end yesterday, in accordance with immemorial custom, by a performance of the *Messiah*, has added one more to the many successes with which Worcester is accredited. In spite of a rainy day, the great oratorio of Mendelssohn, drew together (as rarely fails to be the case) a large concourse of devoutly attentive listeners, who were well rewarded by what on the whole was as worthy an interpretation of *Elijah* as has for some time been heard in a cathedral church. The names of the leading singers need not be repeated; but as points worthy of special praise may be cited the "Hear ye, Israel" and "Holy, holy" of Madame Albani, the forcibly dramatic recitatives in the scene with Jezebel and the people (Madame Patey), and the tenor airs, "If with all your hearts" and "Then shall the righteous," by Mr. Edward Lloyd. Mr. Henschel's intelligent reading of the part of the Prophet requires no comment. The choruses, for the most part, were highly effective, and the aid of some eighty voices from the Leeds Festival Choir was sensibly felt. An unusually large contribution to the charity afforded significant evidence of the satisfaction which the performance had given. Both the two new English works, one sacred, the other secular, found warm apprecia-

tion, and, if we may build an opinion upon the experience of a single hearing, not without excellent reason. Each in its kind shows more than ordinary merit on the part of its composer; and that closer acquaintance will confirm if not increase the favourable impression is our firm conviction. The larger and far more important production of the two—Mr. Caldecott's *Widow of Nain*—is tolerably sure to be heard again ere long in London, where it is not impossible that a corner may be found at a concert by one or other of our choral societies (*pace* Mr. Weist Hill) for its secular companion, Mr. Mackenzie's *Bride*. In each instance the performance was directed by the composer, solo singers, orchestra, and chorus all doing their utmost. Mr. J. F. Barnett's *Building of the Ship* (conducted by himself), in the last miscellaneous concert at the College Hall, is well-known to London amateurs.

WAIFS.—With a view to building a new theatre at Cadiz, a joint-stock company has been formed.—A concert-room capable (we are in told), of accommodating "an enormous audience" has recently been erected in Santiago, Chili.—M. Massenet, composer of *Le Roi de Lahore*, is engaged upon a new opera, founded upon the legend of *Don Juan de Marana*, as dramatised by Alexandre Dumas the elder. We cannot imagine a subject more unfitted to the mental idiosyncrasy of the popular French composer.—A theatre (Teatro Vinelli), exclusively intended for the performance of Italian opera, singers and players to be all Italians *pur sang*, was recently to be opened in New York. As we are unable to find Italian singers for our London Italian operas, and as the same difficulty exists elsewhere over the continent of Europe, we cannot but wonder at the facility with which our American friends have overcome obstacles at first sight, to all appearances insurmountable.—Contributions, which, with the fire-insurance indemnity, make a sum total of 721,600 florins are already available for the rebuilding of the Czech National Theatre in Prague.—Johann Strauss has composed a new "buffo" opera for Vienna, entitled *Der lustige Krieg*, which will be produced at the An-der-Wein in November.—The Politeama-Felsineo at Bologna has been destroyed by fire.—The Grand Musical Festival at Chicago, after all that was said to the contrary, shows in its balance of receipts and expenditure a deficit of 11,000 dollars.—Verdi, Madame Verdi, and Mdle. Stoltz (one of the leading singers in the famous *Requiem*), were among the distinguished visitors at Milan during its recent Exhibition.—The youthful Marie Vanzandt, "Mignon Vanzandt," as the Parisians style her, in consequence of her brilliant success as the heroine in Ambroise Thomas's well-known opera, is again delighting the musical dilettanti of Copenhagen. On her return to Paris she is to make her *rentrée* at the Opéra Comique, as Dinorah, in Meyerbeer's *Pardon de Ploermel*. It would seem that our early prognostications as to the future career of this remarkably promising young artist are being substantially verified.—There is no foundation for the report that Gloucester intends abandoning its Triennial Music Festival.—Madame Pauline Lucca is at present at Ischl. Mr. Mapleson is in treaty with her for his new operatic season at New York.—Sir Michael Costa will pass his holiday at Baden, near Vienna.—Baden, immortalised as a favourite residence of Beethoven. The celebrated *chef-d'orchestre* returns to London in time for the second series of concerts to be given in St. James's Hall by the Sacred Harmonic Society, the loss of which would be a real grievance, to Handelians especially and to amateurs of oratorio and the higher branches of sacred musical composition in general.—The re-engagement of Mdle. Timanoff, the brilliant Russian "virtuoso" pianist (another one more pupil of Liszt), is an additional attraction to the already attractive programmes provided for his many-headed patrons by Mr. Gwyllim Crowe, *impresario* and conductor of the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts. Mdle. Timanoff pleased greatly last year, and it was wise to bring her over once again. During the week Mr. Crowe has been deprived by the Worcester Festival of some of the leading performers in his orchestra, but they will return in time for this evening.—M. Altes, conductor at the Paris Grand Opéra, is so seriously indisposed that his post is temporarily confided to M. Madier de Montjau, the leading violin in his orchestra.—The re-erection of the Grand Théâtre at Rouen, which some two years ago was burnt to the ground, is rapidly progressing.—Miss Minnie Hauk has signed an engagement with Mr. Mapleson for New York, and is to play, among other parts, Katherine, Elsa, and Selika in the English versions of Goetz's *Taming of the Shrew*, Wagner's *Lohengrin*, and Meyerbeer's *L'Africaine*.



THE TURF.—There has been some good racing at Richmond in the north, at Sandown in the south, and elsewhere this week, though it is generally looked upon in the light of an off week, preceding as it does the grand gathering at Doncaster. The racing, however, has attracted less interest than the acceptances for the two great autumn handicaps, which were made known early in the week. The handicappers must certainly be congratulated, as in the Cesarewitch only forty-seven pay the minor forfeit, and out of the 162 entries for the Cambridgeshire only forty-six "cry off," a proportion of contents very far exceeding that which, according to the late Admiral Rous, handicappers should consider as a compliment to their work. As Robert the Devil, the top weight for the former, and Peter, the top weight for the latter, have both accepted, the imposts will remain in their original form. Long before the acceptances were declared, or even the entries were made, an unusually large number of horses were backed for both events, and it must be allowed that backers have shown a great deal of shrewdness, as but only two or three are now absent from the market lists. Now Robert the Devil, last year's winner, with the Corrie filly, Retreat, and Ruperra, are most in favour for the Cesarewitch, and Bend Or, Incendiary, Scobell, and La Merveille for the Cambridgeshire, but a large number of other animals are being supported for the two events, which seem likely this year to be provocative of an unusual amount of speculation. The St. Leger nut seems to become more difficult of cracking as the day of the race, next Wednesday, approaches. All must allow that if Iroquois were the Iroquois of the Derby and Ascot week there would be no need to look further for the winner. Sound and well it would be odds on him, but, strange to say, at the time of writing it is odds against him, which have touched 3 to 1. And stranger still is the fact that the more favourable are the reports of his health and the work he is doing at Newmarket, the worse he goes in the market. It is now almost impossible to escape the conclusion that there is something radically wrong with him; but if so the odds against him should rather be 30 than 3 to 1. Whether St. Louis' preparation has been sufficiently strong for a race like the Leger is doubted in many quarters, and his position as second favourite much questioned; and if both he and Iroquois are passed over it is a very hard matter to pick an animal out of the rack as likely to be the winner, so confusing and "in-and-out" is the form of such animals as Scobell, Limestone, Geologist, Ishmael, and Co. Not a few judges, however, look to the last-named horse as by no means unlikely to win the race, urging that recent form is the most reliable, and that Ishmael's victory over Cameliant at York was a most meritorious performance.—Beauesert, the Middle Park Plate winner of 1879, who was purchased for 7,000*l.* after his victory, but has failed to win a race since, has been sold to Mr. H. Webster, and joined the Marden Deer Park Stud.

CRICKET.—The cricket season is fast drawing to a close, and, indeed, as regards first-class matches will have concluded with that between Sussex and Yorkshire this week at Brighton. Inter-county cricket has shown great vigour, but the season will be painfully remembered for the disintegration of the famous Notts team. It is hardly necessary to say that Lancashire stands *facile princeps* among the counties, with the magnificent result of ten victories, three matches drawn greatly in their favour, and not a single defeat. As an "all-round" Eleven they are as nearly perfect as possible, and form the strongest county team seen for several years, not even excepting that of Notts in its best days. Mr. Hornby shows the splendid average of 53 with his bat in 18 innings, and Mr. A. G. Steel 50 in 8, while other batsmen have done good work. But the success of the team is greatly due to the high quality of the bowling, as evidenced by the fact that in no match has an opposing side scored an innings of 200. Of the counties which once were in the first rank Kent and Surrey have fallen the lowest, the former suffering a defeat from the latter last week at the Oval.—Two remarkable feats in the bowling line have just been put on record. At Cardiff Mr. John Williams, of the Newport Eleven, took six of the Cardiff wickets for 20 runs in the first innings, and four wickets for five runs in the second; and at Hull L. Jackson got all the Newark wickets (two absent) in the first innings, and the six that fell in the second, contributing also 82 runs to his side in his one innings.—A team of first-class English professionals, organised by A. Shaw and Shrewsbury of the old Notts Eleven, leave this country on the 17th to play matches in America, Australia, and New Zealand. Philadelphia will be the first battle ground, after which San Francisco will be visited for the first time by English players.—The visit of the Eleven English cricketers (mostly Middlesex players of no great celebrity) to the Hague to play Twenty-two Dutchmen seems to have been a social success, and was also crowned with victory, the Dutchmen only making 14 and 33 against the one innings 107 of their visitors.—Another Australian Eleven will come to this country next summer, comprising several of the players whom we have seen before, and it is hoped Evans and Massie, the two New South Wales cricks.

SWIMMING.—On Saturday last, at Roundhay Park, Leeds, Jones, the local celebrity, and Beckwith, of Lambeth, concluded the 500 yards Championship, staking also 100*l.* a side. Jones was made favourite, and after a splendid race, won in 6 min. 34 sec., the fastest time on record. No less than 25,000 spectators were present, and great enthusiasm was displayed on behalf of Jones. The men meet on Saturday, in the present week, to contest the 1,000 yards Championship at the Lambeth Baths.

AQUATICS.—A large number of entries have been made for the prizes so liberally offered by Messrs. Chinnery, of athletic fame, to encourage professional sculling on the Thames. The scullers are divided into seniors and juniors, and so many are the heats to be rowed that, though they will be commenced on Friday in this week, the finales will not be decided till Monday next.



THE SEASON.—During the past ten days an enormous area of corn has been carted and got in. Farmers have been extremely busy throughout the kingdom. Along the Thames Valley the wheat harvest is poor and greatly damaged, but in East Anglia an originally fine crop has not sustained as much damage as was feared. In the north of England an average wheat crop has been reduced in yield by the bad weather, but is still reckoned an improvement on last year. In the West of England the wheat crop is spoken better of now than a fortnight ago. The damage done by August winds and rains would have been greater but for the short strong growth of the wheat stems. Barley all over England is seriously depreciated in quality, but an average bulk will probably be secured. Roots are generally promising, and the hops that are being picked in Kent and the West should prove a remunerative crop to the farmer. The price of wheat, after advancing to 55*s.* 2*d.* per quarter on the imperial average, is now retrograding, but good sorts of malting barley start at high prices, and are likely to maintain them. In parts of Scotland oats are looking well, but Scotch agricultural reports, excepting of potatoes, are generally unsatisfactory.

HARVESTING IN RAINY WEATHER.—A correspondent suggests the building of wooden sheds, with perforated tile floors, in which the damp corn might be dried as in a malthouse. In Wales the farmers when unable to carry their corn put it up into small "mows" in the field. Half-a-dozen sheaves are put on end inclining inwards, then a circle of sheaves, butts outwards, is laid until about a shoulder high, gradually contracted to a rough point; a sheaf is then taken, the band slipped back towards the butt, forming a cap for the top, and the whole is watertight, capable of resisting quite six weeks' hard weather. In Norway, where the climate is not of the finest, the farmers provide for every ten sheaves a pole of light strong wood about nine feet long. This is fixed in the ground. A man then sets two sheaves on the ground against the stem, and impales all the rest upon the pole, one above the other, with the head hanging downwards. The pole enters before the band of each sheaf, and comes out at the bottom, the sheaf is put on with a pitchfork, and a whole field is picketed in this way with comparative ease, and as fast as cut. A way we have seen adopted in parts of England is to lay down some sheep-pen hurdles. Stack a layer of corn sheaves on them, then place more hurdles on the sheaves, supporting the hurdles with rollers about six inches in diameter (railway sleepers will serve) so as to secure free passage of air. So proceed in alternate layers of sheaves and hurdles until the corn in the field is stacked. Cover it over with a tarpaulin, and the drying stack for saving the harvest is complete.

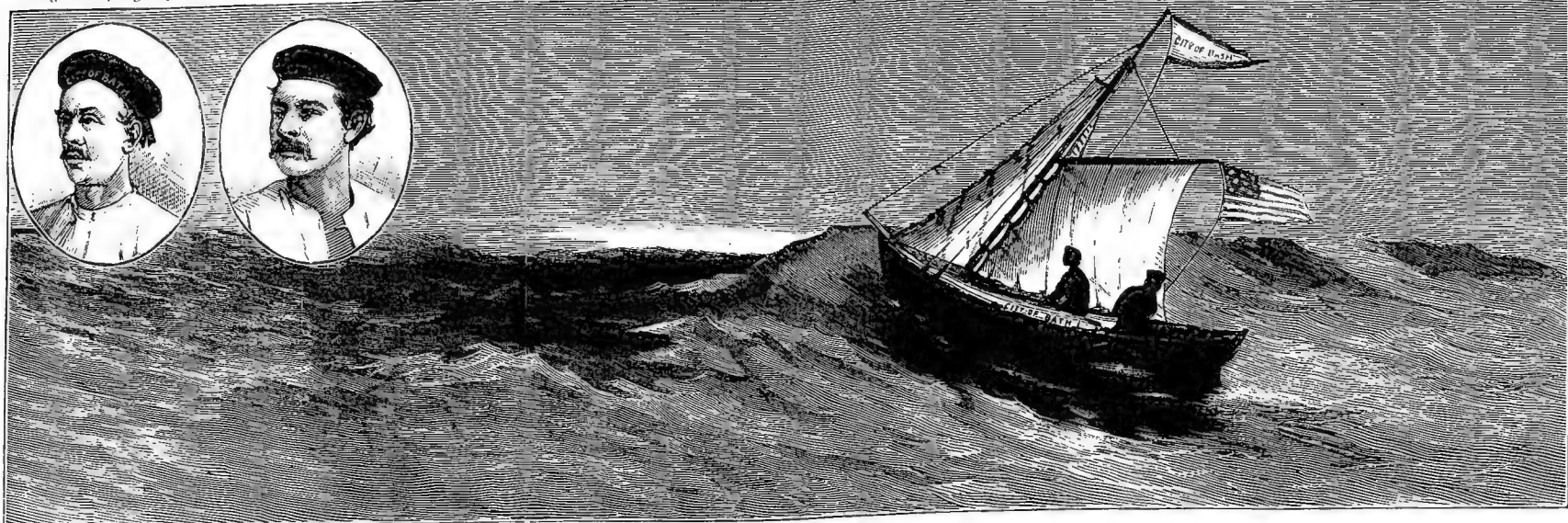
LINCOLNSHIRE AND DURHAM.—The loss of two counties in as many days is a serious blow to the Liberal party. It is, however, possible to put an interpretation other than of a party character on the event; an interpretation which has at least more reason than the notion that voters have punished the present Government for a wet harvest. May it not be that a national feeling of disgust is abroad in agricultural England concerning the exclusive attention given to Ireland, while England itself, the very centre of the Empire, is suffering from serious agricultural depression and the delay in reforms to which both parties stand pledged? County Boards, Highway Acts, Local Taxation, fixing of Tithe Charges ordinary and extraordinary, are but a few of the "country questions" which have been ruthlessly pushed to one side in order to make room for what, to the majority of English rural electors, has probably seemed to be an interminable series of Irish brawls. In this case their indignation would naturally fall on the Administration, whichever party might happen to be in office.

SHEEP DOG TRIALS.—Some extremely sharp work was done by the dogs entered at the Llanberis Show on Saturday last. Young Carlo, owned by Mr. James Frewe, of Wepre Hall, Flint, penned two sheep in 6 min. 45 sec., and three sheep in 8 min. 45 sec., beating all competitors. This time is the best we have heard of.

HIGHWAY RATES.—The recent report of the Local Government Board shows that some curious items occasionally occur under this heading. Among them are allowances for the killing of foxes,

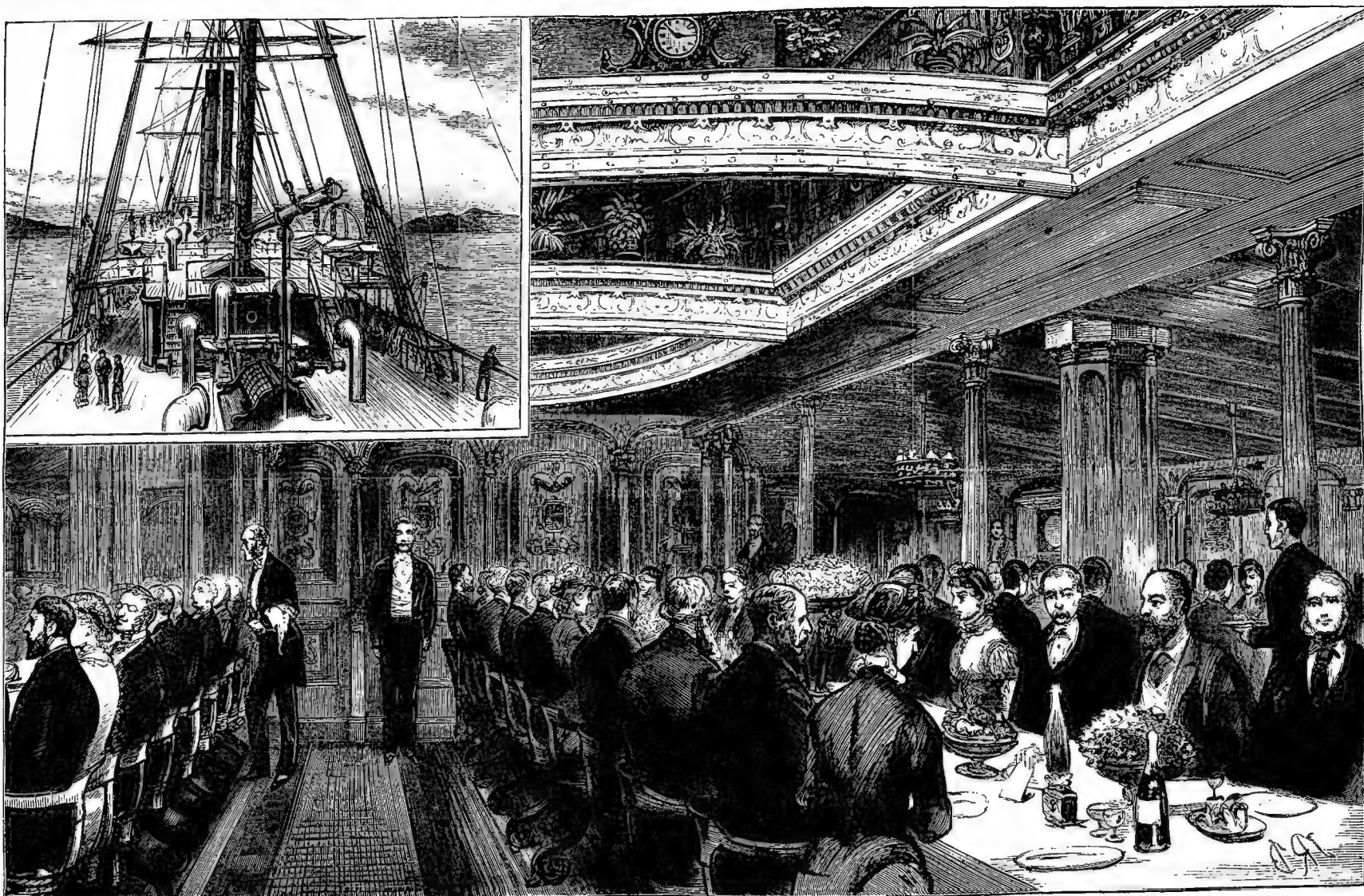
JOHN TRAYNOR
Englishman, Age 24

IVAN A. OLSEN
Norwegian, Age 25



"THE CITY OF BATH"—THE SMALLEST SHIP THAT EVER CROSSED THE ATLANTIC: "IN SIGHT OF THE LIZARD POINT"

THE UPPER DECK, LOOKING FORWARD FROM THE AFTER WHEELHOUSE



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON THE CLYDE—LUNCHEON ON BOARD THE NEW ROYAL MAIL STEAMER "SERVIA"

Cape Hangklip

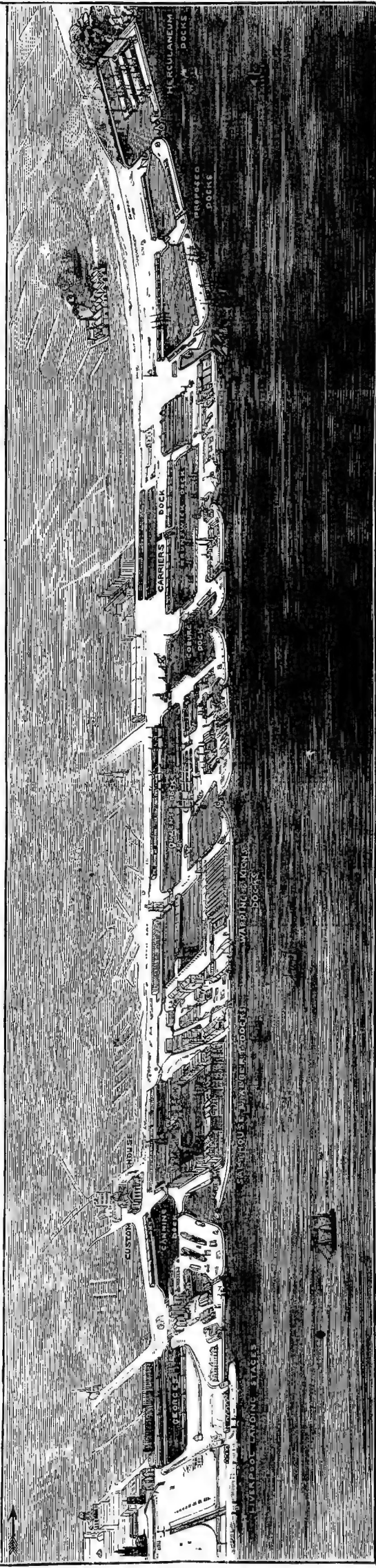
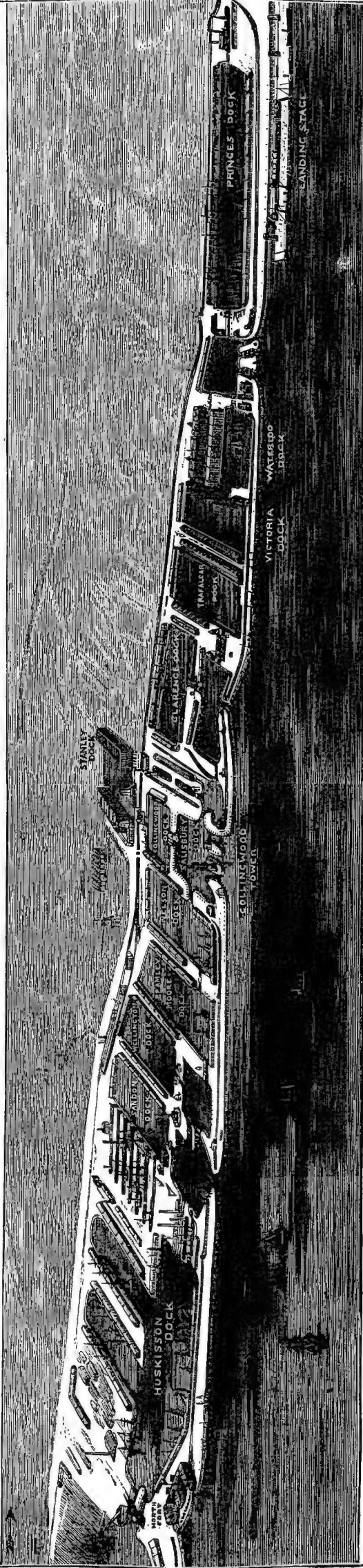
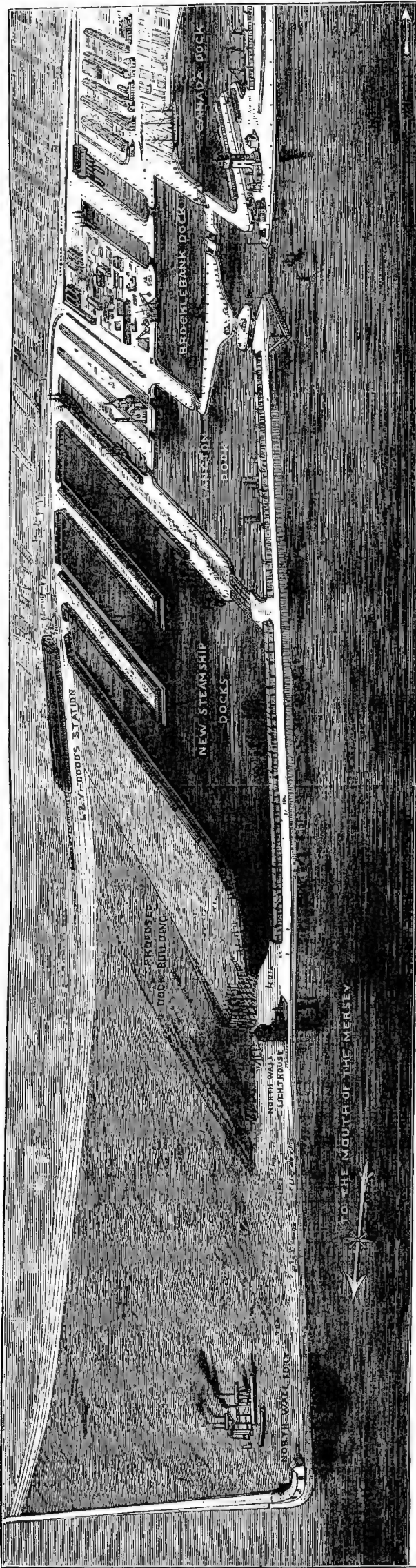
Captain Manning

Danger Point



THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIP "TEUTON"—VIEW OF THE COAST BETWEEN DANGER POINT AND CAPE HANGKLIP, THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER

THE NEW NORTH DOCKS OPENED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES, SEPT. 8



VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO LIVERPOOL—BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE DOCKS ON THE RIVER MERSEY

the killing of ravens, the capture of moles, the slaughter of sparrows, the purchase of a new coat and hat for a local bellman, and the wages of a supernumary postman. The London office has very properly disallowed these local eccentricities in the way of charges on the Highway Rates.

POTATO PLANTING.—Mr. James Howard, M.P., is carrying on some important experiments as regards the growth of potatoes. As far as his observations at present go, an autumn planting is 20 to 40 per cent. more profitable than planting in spring.

TURNPIKES.—In 1866 there were in England and Wales 1,048 trusts, representing 20,589 miles of road. Returns just issued show that only 129 trusts now survive, representing 3,689 miles. Of these 129 trusts, 56 will die out in 1885, and the remaining 73 will all be extinct at the end of 1893. It is curious that there should be turnpikes in a new country like the United States, while in Old England they have all but disappeared.

AUGUST.—While the British farmer was suffering for the greater part of August from an almost constant downpour of rain, his American cousin has suffered from an opposite cause. In Illinois no rain fell for six weeks, from the close of July to the 1st of September. Many streams were dried up, and cattle had to be driven many miles to water. A similar drought occurred in Italy during August, and at Communaglia the patron saint of the district, Saint Rocco, was earnestly implored for a whole week. Prayer not being heard, his statue was thrown down an empty well, awaiting the time when the welcome rain should float him up again.



THE SUPREME COURT OF JUDICATURE.—The new Act on the Supreme Court has just been issued, and comes into immediate operation. The Master of the Rolls is now Judge of Appeal only, the President of the Probate Division is *ex-officio* Judge of the Court of Appeal, and the Lord Chancellor is empowered to continue the Rolls Chambers and clerks as long as may be necessary and convenient. Appeals from the Probate Divisions are to go to the Appeal Court, and not to the full Court. The choice of judges to try Election Petitions and the nomination of sheriffs are transferred to the Queen's Bench Division, before whom the swearing-in of the Lords Mayor is to take place instead of in the Exchequer Division as formerly. The quorum of Criminal Judges of Appeal is to be five or more, and the Sessions of the Central Criminal Court, hitherto exercised by eight or more judges, may now be taken by any four or more. Solicitors may now be appointed as District Registrars, and the Lord Chief Justice of England is to have the power hitherto exercised by the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and the Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

MR. CHITTY, Q.C., M.P. for Oxford, has been appointed as the new Judge in the Chancery Division, in place of the Master of the Rolls.

FISH POACHING IN THE TAY is now being carried on in the most daring manner. On Sunday night a band of twelve watchers surprised a gang of thirty poachers, who formed up in military style and attacked them with sticks and stones, and ultimately got clear away in their three boats.

MUTILATING REVENUE STAMPS.—Two men and a woman, who are said to carry on the trade of quack doctors, and to be the vendors of a medicine called "Dr. Jenner's Essence of Phosphorus and Charcoal," are now in custody on remand, bail being refused, on the curious charge of having in their possession a number of stamps which had been fraudulently cut and mutilated. The police made a raid upon their place of business at Chelsea, and, having found a number of bottles of medicine fraudulently labelled, waited until the prisoners returned home one by one, and then arrested them.

PROPAGATION OF SMALL-POX.—At a meeting of the Rotherhithe Vestry on Tuesday a most extraordinary letter was read concerning one William Escott, a shoemaker, who, it was stated, had not only completely evaded the Vaccination Act, but when small-pox had broken out in his family had acted in the most reckless manner. One of his children died without any medical advice being obtained; the mother, who had tended it, also died; and subsequently two other children fell victims, while the remaining three likewise took the infection and were removed to the hospital. Escott borrowed a suit of clothes of a neighbour to attend his wife's funeral, and after a few days returned them without having them disinfected, and the result was that the lender was taken ill and died. He had also refused to allow his house to be disinfected. The magistrates expressed great indignation at the conduct of the man, and ultimately the matter was referred to the Sanitary Committee. The clerk said that he was liable to a fine of 5*l.* for transmitting infected clothing, and proceedings are to be taken against him.

AN UNRULY PRISONER.—The other day, a prisoner undergoing a sentence of six months' imprisonment in the House of Correction was brought before the magistrate at Clerkenwell on a charge of committing wilful damage in the prison at various times during the past three months. It was stated that it was impossible to deal with him under the Prison Regulations, and the Commissioners had laid the case before the Home Secretary. The conduct complained of was of almost daily occurrence. He had repeatedly broken window frames, panelling, and panes in the cell, and was continually guilty of filthy acts, and of tearing up his clothes and bedding. Even in the "punishment cell" he contrived to do damage, and on one occasion he broke a pair of handcuffs which were put upon him. The magistrate suggested that a stronger pair might be procured, and that all he could do was to commit the offender again to prison; it was for the gaol authorities to preserve order in their own establishment. The case was ultimately remanded that the amount of damage might be ascertained, with the view of committing him for trial, so that he might be sent to another prison, although the magistrate remarked that the discipline in all gaols was the same.

THE FULHAM SMALL-POX HOSPITAL.—The dispute concerning this establishment came on Monday before Mr. Justice Kay, who, after hearing some arguments, granted an injunction restricting, until the hearing of the cause, the admission to the hospital to persons living within a mile radius.

SUNDAY CLOSING IN WALES.—A doubt has arisen as to the date upon which the new Act for the Closing of Public Houses in Wales on Sundays comes into force. The Home Secretary has declined to interpret the clause, referring his correspondents to their legal advisers, and a number of test cases have been arranged in order to obtain a judicial decision on the point.

A WONDERFUL SPECIFIC.—A "Cheap Jack" was the other day charged at Warwick with having obtained money by false pretences, by selling as "Chinese Malachite" a mixture manufactured by himself of "Chili pods, aniseed, cayenne pepper, cinnamon, cloves, and black sugar." His assistant gave evidence as to the ingredients used, and added that each bottle cost about a farthing, and was sold at a shilling. The defendant's counsel argued that he was as much entitled to call his medicine Chinese Malachite, as other medicine concoctors were to use distinctive names, and the case was dismissed without comment, the result

being received with cheers both inside and outside the court, where a large crowd had assembled.

THE WESTMINSTER BRIDGE TRAGEDY.—The soldier who was with the woman who was recently drowned from Westminster Bridge has been committed for trial on the charge of having caused her death. Mr. Montagu Williams, who has undertaken the prosecution for the Treasury, contends that, as he admits that he did nothing to prevent her executing her threat of committing suicide, he is in law responsible for her death.



MESSRS. REID BROTHERS.—Suggestive of calm seas and gentle breezes more than stormy winds and waves is "Sailing," a pleasing ballad, written and composed by Godfrey Marks, who has been equally successful with a ballad of a simpler type entitled "My Own Love, My True Love;" the former is published in two keys, B flat and D; the latter is of medium compass. A tuneful song for a tenor of limited compass is "O Maiden Mine," words by E. Oxenford, music by J. E. Webster.—"Year by Year," a series of truisms poetically strung together by Mary M. Lemon, have been prettily set to music by August Lortzing.—Facetious without being vulgar is "How Dare You;" the serio-comic words are by Lewis Novra, music by A. L. Mora.—Very melodious and danceable, the "Florin Polka," by C. Rosengard, will be a favourite for the country and London seasons.

MESSRS. RICORDI.—Five songs, music by Luigi Carracciolo, are of more than average merit, as may be looked for from this clever composer. As is the custom of this firm, all five songs are published in three keys. Signor Enrico Panzarchi has written the graceful poetry for "Dietro Un Sogno" and "Chiamatelo Destino." The poet is not named who wrote the words of "Amor Lontano;" for "Tavine Amor" R. Pagliari supplied the tender verses, whilst for "Petite Serenade," the brightest and most original of the group, Edouard Jammy has composed the *piquante* French words.—As we have remarked before, it is a great mistake to publish a song in more than one, or at most two keys, as it becomes tedious and monotonous to hear the same song, if popular, sung by half-a-dozen people in the same evening, to say nothing of sundry transcriptions, good, bad, and indifferent of the same theme; its career may be a merry, but is surely a short one.

F. PITMAN.—Two songs of a jovial style, composed by J. Chippingdale, are: the one, for a bass, of a modern sailor, "Great As a King" (A Tar's Ditty), with a due amount of "avasts," &c., the seamanlike words by Wellington Guernsey; the other of an ancient soldier, "The Knight Errant," words by E. Oxenford. There is nothing very novel in either music or words, but the sentiments are healthy, and are tuneably set, the very things for a seaside concert.—Meet companions for the above are respectively "The Jolly Blacksmith," written and composed by James Croxall, which at a village concert may be sung with striking effects according to directions: "Here a real anvil and hammers, concealed behind the stage, are heard at work keeping strict time with the tune," that is to say, if there be the traditional musical blacksmith at the neighbouring forge. There are also other scenic effects in this original composition.—Right loyal and spirited is "The Union Jack," a national song with a chorus, by Joseph Proudman, who deserves well of his country for his sentiments and their melodious setting.—A pretty little schottische for the pianoforte, by Crosby Smith, is "Holiday Rambles."

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.—"An Album of Pianoforte Pieces," composed by Florian Pascal, will be found a very charming addition to all musical libraries; it contains fifteen remarkably graceful and refined compositions, each one of which deserves to be committed to memory.—It is some time since we have come across so original and catching a melody as "Tit-Bit," a polka mazurka by F. M. Rodriguez, which will surely be the favourite of the season. The time is well marked.

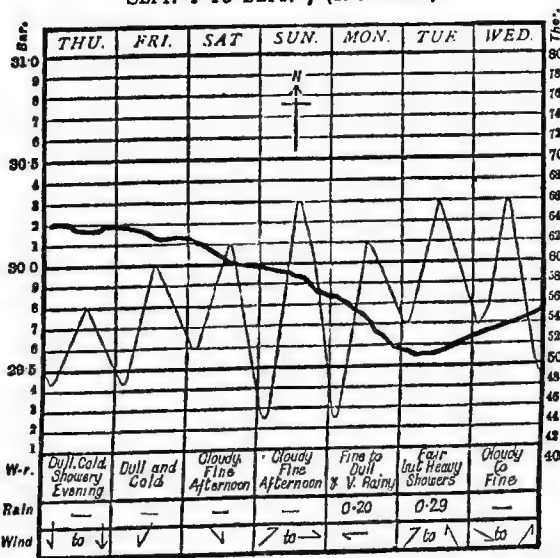
THE RAILWAY FAMILY OMNIBUS.—The improvement in the temper and constitution of the metropolitan cab interest has within the past year or two been so unmistakable it is to be regretted that anything should occur to mar the increasing harmony that exists between it and the public. The Amalgamated Cabdrivers' Society, however, has recently discovered a new bone of contention in the one-horse omnibuses the different railway companies have placed at the service of their customers for the purpose of conveying them and their families and luggage between their own abodes and the railway station. The convenience in question is one that undoubtedly has given general satisfaction, not only on the score of economy—though in cases where the number of persons to be conveyed exceed say four or five and the packages are very heavy and many, the saving is by no means inconsiderable, but because of the amount of trouble and anxiety that is obviated. Virtually, from the moment when one's luggage is taken out of the house by the company's omnibus servant until its arrival at any distant destination, the railway authorities are responsible for its safety; there is no hurry and confusion and vexation of spirit as regards labelling or stowage in the luggage van, and, what is of equal importance, no likelihood of disappointment by reason of being too late at the point of departure. Half-a-dozen boys and girls, with papa and mamma, and only one servant, necessitate the hiring of two cabs, or perhaps three, representing a rather unmanageable procession in a crowded thoroughfare, when a minute's delay may mean the loss of a train. With all this, however, it cannot be expected that cabmen can have any sympathy. Their only concern is to carry customers, and they have a right to grumble if, as they contend, they are threatened with "a dangerous monopoly which is striking at the very roots of the cab and omnibus trade of the country." This was the pith of the protest embodied in a resolution passed at a special meeting of the trade recently held in London, but it is, at all events, questionable whether the cab trade are not yielding to unnecessary alarm. As to the matter affecting the ordinary omnibus business, that is beside the question, since it seldom or never happens that a family going out of town with half-a-dozen portmanteaus or boxes would think of hailing the limited convenience indicated, and, as for the cabs—the hansoms and four-wheelers that are reckoned in thousands—they can hardly suffer any serious loss by the amount of trade withdrawn from them by half-a-dozen one-horse vehicles now retained at each of the chief London railway stations. No doubt the cab interest in a great measure depends for its means of profitable existence on the railway-travelling public; and this the various companies have recognised by giving the said vehicles permission to ply for hire on their private premises. It would be a pity if, by an unnecessary fussing about trifles the present mutually satisfactory arrangements were jeopardised.

FOOD MYSTERIES.—The Inspector of Nuisances to the Poplar District Board of Works will probably be somewhat dissatisfied with the decision arrived at in a case of suspicious manufacture of "German sausages," which has recently been under magisterial investigation. It appears that, in the neighbourhood in question, the malpractices of sausage makers have become so notorious, that the Local Government Board thought it expedient to communicate with the District Board of Works, advising that the matter should receive special attention, and the Inspector of Nuisances, Mr.

Clarence W. Raymond, was directed to carry out the suggestion. In pursuit of his duty the inspector paid an unexpected visit to the premises of a sausage maker at Bow, and made certain discoveries that, in his opinion, justified a prosecution of a manufacturer on a charge of mixing horse-flesh with the other sausage material. On the first examination, veterinary surgeons were examined who had no doubt as to the origin of the meat in question, but the case being remanded for the attendance of the district medical officer of health, that gentleman gave evidence to the effect that, though he could not say if the meat was or was not derived from an equine source, he had no doubt that it was fit for the food of man. He, however, admitted that the produce of a knacker's-yard would be decidedly unfit for human food,—an opinion that the British public will probably endorse. In delivering judgment, Mr. Bushby, the magistrate, stated that in the face of all that had been written and done by hippophagists, he should not like to say that horse-meat was unfit for human food, and, as the whole question turned on that, he must dismiss the summons, the defendant paying his own costs. However correct and justifiable, this decision is likely to arouse distrust and alarm in the breast of the habitual German sausage consumer. It may be true that the flesh of the horse may be eaten with impunity when the sound and healthy animal is slaughtered for the purpose, but the undeniable fact is that, in London at least, such never is the case, and the manufacturer who commonly makes use of such material must depend on the knacker for his supply of the same. It is an unpleasant subject, and it is to be regretted that, in the shape it came before the magistrate, it could not have been disposed of in such a manner as would set it at rest. It should at least be insisted on that all sausage makers of hippophagistical tendencies should be compelled to exhibit a certificate of the quality of the horse-flesh they use in their business.

WHAT OUR PAUPERS COST US.—The recently published annual report of the Local Government furnishes some interesting particulars respecting the cost to the country of its pauper dependents. It will probably astonish those who know little or nothing of such matters to be informed that in a single year the enormous sum of eight millions and fifteen thousand pounds was so expended, the average expense for each pauper being nearly 6*s.* 6*d.* weekly. Of the gross sum 1,752,749*l.* went to maintain the inmates of the various workhouses, and 2,710,728*l.* was disbursed in outdoor relief, while the salaries and rations of officials dipped into the Poor Law purse to the extent of 1,053,218*l.* The maintenance of workhouse residents in 1880 as compared with 1871 shows an increase of more than 200,000*l.*, but on the other hand there is a decrease in the outdoor relief, comparing the same periods, of 953,192*l.*, or nearly 26 per cent. An unsatisfactory feature yielded by a comparison of ten years ago and now is that the cost of pauper lunatics has been increasing at such a formidable rate that for the past year it was more than 2,000,000*l.* in excess of what it was in 1871, and which, assuming that the expense of maintenance is about the same, accounts for an increase of thirty-three per cent. in the number accommodated at the various asylums. Compared with the heavy charges made by the proprietors of private lunatic asylums, the cost of supporting pauper lunatics appears curiously small. It is set down in the report at 9*s.* 7½*d.* per head per week, and of this sum the Government provides 4*s.*, leaving 5*s.* 7½*d.* to be contributed by the ratepayers. During 1880, reckoning "indoor" and "out," there were 808,030 paupers on the parish books, which is at the rate of 32 to every 1,000 of the population. Although the considerable sum of two millions and three-quarters was divided amongst the recipients of outdoor relief it cannot be said that the disbursement was extravagant, since it only afforded an average of threepence per diem for each individual. This, however, is reckoning children as well as adults, so that in cases where there were half-a-dozen children with a widowed mother, even this poor dole amounted to one and ninepence a day, or twelve and threepence weekly. It is satisfactory to learn that of late years the number of able-bodied paupers has been steadily diminishing. Ten years ago the objectionable class of individuals alluded to were numerically equal to 7·6 per thousand, and at the present time they are reckoned at only 4·6. On the other hand the vagrant class—the tramps and cadgers who mysteriously pick up a living during the day and sleep in a casual ward at night—have unaccountably increased. In 1871 there were but 5,183 of this sort relieved, whereas last year their number reached 6,780.

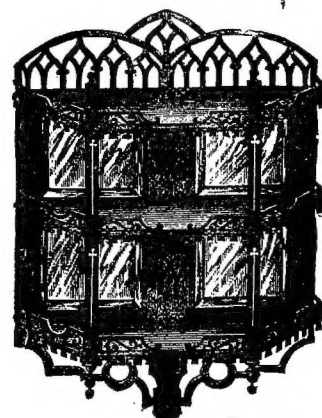
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK
SEPT. 1 TO SEPT. 7 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

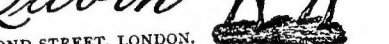
REMARKS.—During the early part of the period the barometer was highest to the westward and northward of us, and lowest to the eastward and south-eastward, a condition of things which was as usual attended by winds from the northward and north-eastward. Temperature was very low for the time of year, the coldest day being Thursday (1st inst.), when the thermometer did not exceed 56°. The weather was, upon the whole, very cloudy, although there were some fine intervals, the most noteworthy of which occurred on Saturday and Sunday (3rd and 4th inst.). After Sunday a change in the distribution of pressure took place, owing to the advance of some depressions both from the south-eastward and south-westward. Those from the south-eastward passed north-westward over our north-eastern and northern coasts, and did not seriously affect the weather of our neighbourhood, but those from the south-westward advanced right over us, and gave us a good deal of rain, especially on Monday night (5th inst.). Some heavy showers fell on Tuesday (6th inst.), and some very slight ones on Wednesday (7th inst.), but at the close of the period the series of depressions seemed to have come to an end, the wind veered to the north-westward, and conditions looked more hopeful than for some time past. Temperature has been much higher during the last day or two than it was at the commencement of the week, and on Tuesday and Wednesday (6th and 7th inst.) the thermometer reached 66° in the shade. The barometer was highest (30·20 inches) on Thursday (1st inst.); lowest (29·54 inches) on Tuesday (6th inst.); range, 0·66 inches. Temperature in lowest (56°) on Sunday (4th inst.), Tuesday (6th inst.), and the shade was highest (66°) on Sunday (4th inst.), Tuesday (6th inst.); Wednesday (7th inst.); lowest (45°) on Sunday and Monday (4th and 5th inst.); range, 21°. Rain fell on two days. Total amount, 0·49 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0·29 inches, on Tuesday (6th inst.).

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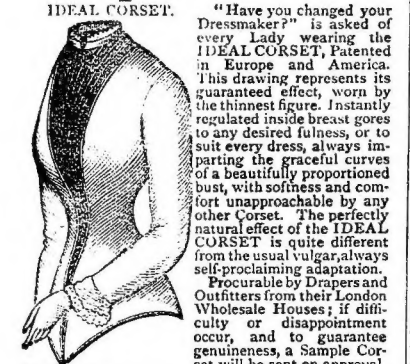
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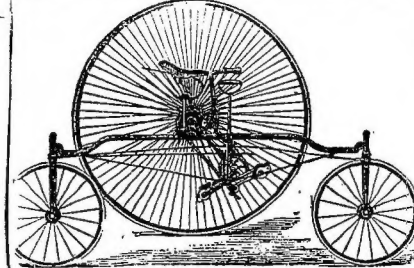
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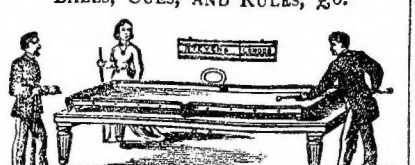
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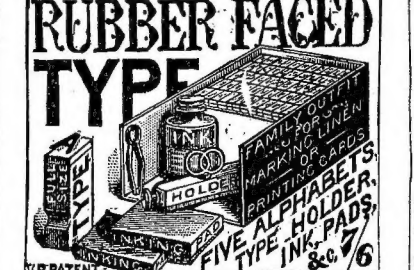
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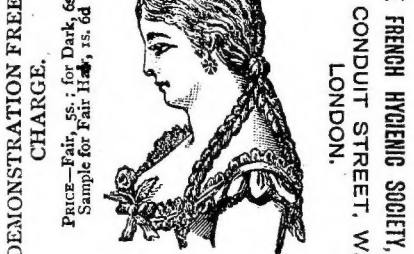


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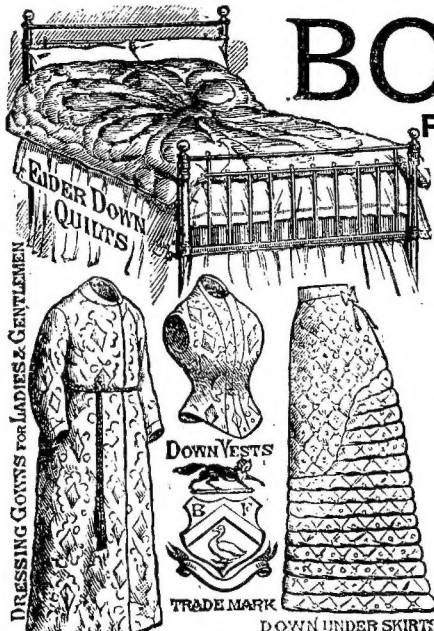
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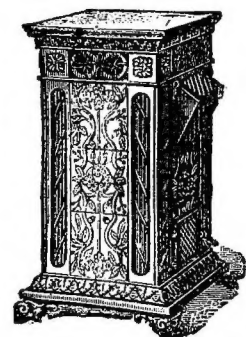
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